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Diary of the Week.

THIS country, and, indeed, the civilised world, are full of the reverberation of Sir Edward Grey's scheme of arbitration. The Churches of all denominations have eagerly adopted it, and the papers have published special messages from the Bishops and the heads of the Free Churches. Simultaneous action has been taken in America, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, representing 15,000,000 people, suggesting that April 2nd should be kept on both sides of the Atlantic as Arbitration Sunday. The path to a treaty has been greatly cleared by Sir Edward's statement to the International Arbitration League that such an instrument could contain no "condition" or "stipulation" directing it against one or more of the other Powers. "That," said Sir Edward, "would completely spoil its possible effect in mitigating general expenditure on armaments." The aim was to "set a good example," "and if others of the Great Powers did follow, there would eventually be something like a league of peace." In the States, the only obstacle appears to be Patrick Ford's "Irish World." But Nationalism in this country shows no desire to second an obstructive effort.

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LORD SELBORNE—clearly acting as Lord Lansdowne's lieutenant—has been instructed to lay before the country, or rather before the Tory Party, a slight variant of Lord Curzon's scheme of a "moderate reform" of the House of Lords. This task he set out in three interesting speeches delivered at Winchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. The plan contains no feature which was not submitted to the electors in December last. The House of Lords is to be made up by indirect election, selection by hereditary peers, qualification by office, and nomination by the Crown. Ordinary differences between the two Houses are to be settled

by conferences in joint session, while the Referendum is to be reserved for "grave" cases, which Lord Selborne discussed without defining. Its application is to be determined by a small joint committee of the two Houses, with the Speaker as Chairman. Thus both the Executive and the Commons are to lose all real control of legislation. Budgets are apparently not excepted from these joint conferences, though Lord Selborne did not say whether they would come under the Referendum. He denounced the Parliament Bill as setting up Single Chamber Government, not apparently because of anything it contains, but on the ground that a future House of Commons might lengthen its term of life from five to ten years, and thus set up a Long Parliament. This argues a very shallow conception of the power of modern democracy.

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THE news that comes from Constantinople and Berlin, confirmed by detailed articles in the official "North German Gazette," makes it clear that the way has been smoothed for a settlement of the Bagdad problem. A Convention has been signed between the German company and the Porte, consisting of three articles. The kilometric guarantees for the construction and working of the line, section by section, will no longer depend on an eventual increase of the custom dues, which we or any other Power might have vetoed. The money will be provided by the surplus of the tithes affected to the service of the Public Debt—a good arrangement for the railway, a bad arrangement for the farmers, whose taxes ought to go to improve the local administration. The main line will be connected with the Mediterranean by a short branch from Osmanieh to Alexandretta. The company will build a port at Alexandretta. Finally, it renounces its right to complete its line from Bagdad to Basra and from Basra to some port on the Gulf. The terms of this renunciation are not yet fully known. The German Press says that the old offer of 1903 will be renewed as regards this section—i.e., to internationalise it with a German predominance. The Turkish Press assumes that no indemnity will be due to the company for its surrender; but this is apparently a mistake.

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LORD CURZON raised the whole question of Persia, the Railway, and the Gulf, in the House of Lords on Wednesday. Lord Morley's reply confirmed what we know of the new arrangements, but left the details as to the Gulf section vague. His formula is that Turkey has regained her liberty of action, but that German assent will be necessary to any new proposals. The German terms are believed to stipulate that the German share in any international company shall not be less than that of any other Power; but if France on one side and Austria on the other participate, the bargain may not be easy to strike. Lord Morley's tone was wholly friendly, but it is not known whether French capital will now be liberated to support the line. Lord Curzon, after a generous eulogy of the new Persian Regent (a Balliol man), and an appeal to France to stop the traffic in arms to Muscat, made two points regarding the Bagdad line: (1) that the guarantees against differential rates are not satisfactory, and (2) that it might be better not to build the Gulf section at all. Lord Morley gave no

specific answer to this last point, which seems to betray a quite unreasoning fear of German influence.

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On Thursday, Sir Edward Grey made some slight additions to Lord Morley's satisfactory statement. Meeting Liberal and Tory criticism, he suggested that it was important to keep the atmosphere in the Bagdad negotiations "genial," and said that he "wanted to see" an agreement which would satisfy Turkey, Germany, and ourselves. Our main general interest in the railway was to protect British trade from differential rates, and our interest in the Persian Gulf was to avert the building of a fortified position on the flank of our Indian communications. The Government would have "some active share" in the negotiations. On all these points the Foreign Secretary's line was very placable and hopeful. He was a little vaguer on Persia. He reduced the imperative note which the Foreign Office first attached to its offer of Indian officers for the policing of the southern roads, and treated it as a tender of loan for the Persian Government to take or leave. He suggested that our object in Persia was still the safeguarding of independence, hinted that absolute non-intervention being impossible, we could best pursue this object in conjunction with Russia, and thought that her critics did not make enough allowance for the withdrawal of her troops from Kasvin.

* * *

It has been decided to strengthen the Ministerial Bench in the Lords, and with that view Mr. Haldane is to close his long career in the House of Commons, taking a Viscounty in compensation, while the War Office is in future to be represented by Colonel Seely. Our one philosophic statesman has thus exchanged the world of Becoming for that of Being, though even a flatterer of the House of Lords would hardly crown it with the title of the Thing in Itself. The association of the War Minister with the House of Commons is a very old Liberal tradition, and we much dislike its interruption. But some present aid to Liberalism in the House of Lords must be rendered, and the appointment is the best answer to the untruthful rumors of a month's adjournment of the House of Commons between the end of May and the Coronation. The Government has explicitly denied the rumor, and it is clear that they expect the Parliament Bill, which is to be resumed on Monday next, to reach the Lords well before the Coronation. To hang it up after its passage through the Commons would be merely an invitation to the Lords to dawdle through an Autumn Session until the King's departure for India. This would be to disorganise the entire Parliamentary scheme of the Ministry. The Lords must, it is obvious, either pass, reject, or amend the Bill in the Summer Session. If, as seems possible, they take either of the latter courses, a creation of peers may be necessary by its close. In the interval, payment of members will be passed, and, we hope, a Plural Voting Bill.

* * *

A SIGNIFICANT and most important incident, bearing upon the whole relationship of Ministers to public officials, occurred in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Mr. Hoare, the Conservative member for Chelsea, called attention to a circular, issued last January, to inspectors by Mr. Holmes, lately Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools. The circular urged these gentlemen to use their influence with local authorities to discourage elementary school teachers from obtaining inspectorships, and to see that such officials were public school men and graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. Mr.

Runciman strongly attacked Mr. Hoare for quoting this document, suggesting that he had been fishing in the waste-paper baskets of the Education Department, and calling him a "receiver of stolen goods." At the same time he repudiated the circular, and denied that it represented the policy of the Department; but he did not contest Mr. Hoare's statement that it had been both printed and issued. The fact, therefore, would seem to be that a step of the utmost consequence to educational policy was taken by a high official of the department without the knowledge and authority, and against the will, of its chief. Mr. Runciman, we believe, knew of the circular some little time ago, but not at the date of its issue.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY the matter cannot rest here. The attack on elementary teachers, both in regard to inspectorships and teacherships in secondary schools, has long been in progress, and has taken many forms. Nothing can strike a more fatal blow at the people than the attempt to dam up the elementary school from contact with the secondary system. If it were successful, it would almost be, to use a phrase of Lord Rosebery's, "the end of all things." We doubt if the Holmes circular is the only document of the kind which has proceeded from the Department. But who authorised or approved its issue? Not, as we know, the Minister responsible to Parliament.

* * *

Was it Sir Robert Morant? Report has, rightly or wrongly, associated him with the Holmes policy in regard to elementary teachers. What we want to know is whether he pursued it, or allowed Mr. Holmes to pursue it, without consulting Mr. Runciman, who, on this hypothesis, was kept in ignorance of a vital procedure on the part of his staff. It seems to us that if these questions are answered in a sense unfavorable to Sir Robert Morant, Mr. Runciman must either dispense with his services or pass over an act of grave injury to his own policy perpetrated by an officer whose single duty was to pursue it. The other day, a clerk in the Home Office wrote what was practically a satirical comment on his chief's policy of prison reform, and got it published as a State paper. There are, as all the world knows, offices in which a Liberal Minister fights not merely with Conservatism in Parliament, but with the conservatism of the services. But he has at least been thought to hold the main strings of administration in his hands.

* * *

M. STOLYPIN, after a period of power unbroken since the dissolution of the first Duma, has resigned office, as a protest against the influence of the "secret government" allied with the Court, which has constantly tried to thwart his work. The occasion was the defeat of his very unsatisfactory Bill for conferring Zemstvos on Poland and border provinces by a clique of reactionary officials in the Senate. Ultra-Conservative though he seems to us, he was not sufficiently reactionary for the true-blue Right. In the crisis, the Duma and its views are wholly ignored. It is an internal quarrel within the bureaucracy and the Court. The Tsar seems to consider that this resignation, after a defeat, even in the nominated Senate, savors of Parliamentarism. The future is uncertain. M. Kokovtsoff, the Minister of Finance, and an expert financier rather than a politician, is generally expected to succeed M. Stolypin; but it is possible that some official even less prominent and more reactionary may be chosen. Apart from its influence on home affairs, the crisis may seriously affect Russia's position in Europe. M. Sazonoff is seriously ill, and is likely to be succeeded at the Foreign Office by someone of even more pronounced pro-German sympathies.

THE King does not seem to have lost the power of eloquent speaking with which he was popularly credited when he was Prince of Wales. The address which he delivered to a mixed deputation of clergy and Biblical scholars, who presented him with a copy of the Authorised Version of the Bible, was a model of fit and eloquent phrasing. We quote the following passage from it:—

"This glorious and memorable achievement, coming like a broad light in the darkness, gave freely to the whole English-speaking people the right and the power to search for themselves for the truths and consolations of our faith, and during 300 years the multiplying millions of the English-speaking races, spreading ever more widely over the surface of the globe, have turned in their need to the grand simplicity of the Authorised Version, and have drawn upon its inexhaustible springs of wisdom, courage, and joy."

THE threat of American intervention seems to have had a sobering effect in Mexico. It is believed that Señor Limantour, the one strong man who has contrived to live in the shadow of President Diaz, is working for an accommodation. There are rumors of an armistice for the rebels, and promises of reforms. The need for reform is, indeed, generally admitted, and the only doubt is whether further attempts will be made to crush the insurrection before the changes are publicly promised. Meanwhile, Mr. Taft has once more attempted to minimise the significance of his mobilisation. It was, he declares, "purely precautionary," and will go no further, unless American lives or property are endangered in Mexico—a condition of things not difficult to bring about, if there are interests working for intervention. Mr. Taft adds that nothing further can be done without the assent of Congress—a reminder of the reality of control over foreign affairs which the representatives of the people still possess in the Republic.

THE Army Estimates were debated on Thursday from every point of view but that of economic administration. From this side three most unsatisfactory features have been passed over without any explanation: (1) the large increase in the size of the expeditionary force; (2) the continuance of the troops in South Africa, the only self-governing British community which does not provide for its own defence, and one of the most costly of military stations, and (3) the provision for a loan of £300,000, in face of the fact that the policy of loans has been superseded. We hope that next year a regularly-planned assault will be made on the gross excess of the Army Estimates. They should never have been allowed not only to attain their present scale, but to remain fixed there.

MR. CHURCHILL has won a considerable Parliamentary triumph in securing the second reading of his Coal Mines Bill, a great measure of 123 clauses, in a single sitting of the Commons. The Bill is to be referred to Grand Committee, after a series of conferences between mine-owners and miners' representatives, to be held at the Home Office. The Bill deals with all the chief categories of peril to the miner's life—winding, haulage, falls of ground, fire, disease, and explosion. On this last point some criticism of the Bill from the miners' side has been heard. The Bill makes the compulsory use of safety lamps dependent on the amount of inflammable gas found in the main return air-way. It seems doubtful whether this would not restrict, rather than enlarge, the present too scanty resort to safety lamps. It appears that many dangerous mines do not, because of their good

ventilation, show more than the percentage of inflammable gas permitted under the new Bill. No doubt the point will be thoroughly investigated in the coming conferences.

LORD ROBERT CECIL and Mr. Ellis Griffith have written to the papers stating that they have examined over one hundred statements made by eye-witnesses of the scenes associated with the women's deputations last November, and have heard the evidence of a few women. Lord Robert has seen ten such women, Mr. Griffith five. Both men are able and experienced lawyers, and they coincide in their conclusions. They do not deal with the charge of improprieties, but they think that there is reason to believe that the police used "unnecessary and excessive violence" towards the demonstrators. There is unquestionable weight in this conclusion, a little qualified by Lord Robert's admitted partisanship. Both he and Mr. Griffith think that a "searching and impartial inquiry" into the conduct of the police is required. The Home Secretary appears to have shut the gate to a formal investigation, and lapse of time forbids a clear and practical issue to it. But we do not feel satisfied, either as to the general behavior of the London police towards political crowds or as to their conduct on this occasion. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Churchill will have this matter very carefully under his eyes. Political rights must be safeguarded, even when we do not like the way in which they are asserted.

THE Indian Factories Bill, which passed the Viceroy's Council on Tuesday, imposes a uniform working day of twelve hours on all adult workers in textile factories, men and women, with a six-hour day for children. The Act is to come into force on July 1st, 1912. The Government of India has thus followed the advice of the Freer-Smith Committee (1907) instead of adopting the recommendations of the Indian Factory Commission (1908). The latter body urged the creation of a class of "young persons," the restriction of whose hours, it was contended, would automatically bring about a maximum day of twelve hours, at which all parties profess to aim. It has been repeatedly stated in England that the only opposition to the Bill has come from the representatives, in Council, of the Indian mill-owners. This is untrue. At every stage the Government has had to over-ride the resistance of the two chief sections of the mill interest—the Indian cotton firms of Bombay and the British jute firms of Bengal—both of which fought hard to get an "automatic" check substituted for the statutory limit.

THE fortunes of the new French Ministry have withstood a severe shock. It has done nothing interesting or striking, and promises to be neither a very popular nor a very enterprising administration. But it holds its precarious ground in the Chamber. A violent debate took place this week on the advisability and legality of creating for the young anti-clerical champion, M. Malvy, the post of Under-Secretary of Justice and Director of Prisons. There were many defections from the "democratic" centre. But the real interest of the debate lay in the split which occurred in the Socialist ranks. M. Jaurès, with fifty of his followers, who had abstained from voting on the first motion of confidence in M. Monis's ministry, now came forward to support him. M. Guesde, with twenty-five of the extreme Marxist section, voted with the Opposition. M. Monis's majority was only 103, so that his fate is now virtually in the hands of M. Jaurès.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MODERATE REFORMERS.

LORD SELBORNE is an excellent man, but as a politician he is a little simple. He is on pilgrimage. A window in the Tory ark has been opened, and Lord Selborne has emerged from it to survey the waste of Radical waters and discover some promise and emblem of their subsidence. But those who sent him forth should have given some more pertinent directions, if they wished his business to succeed. For, in the first place, it is quite clear that Lord Selborne's enterprise is not so much a Foreign as a Home Mission. His errand is not to our party, but to his own. To us he has nothing whatever to say. His token of peace is the old Curzonised, Imperialised, House of Lords which Lord Lansdowne set up in full view of the country last December, and which it rejected. Unless, therefore, he proposes to fight two elections on precisely the same ground, his second presentation of this exploded plan is, as the "Morning Post" unkindly reminds him, merely an argument for the passage of the Parliament Bill. In the second place, Lord Selborne's proposals and expositions being designed to produce some kind of order in an utterly chaotic state of Unionist opinion about the proper way of reforming the House of Lords, it is clear that he has entirely failed to compass this object. So far as we can discern, no Unionist organ accepts his suggestions as they stand. The "Times" warns its party that it had better not commit itself to the "fancy franchises" which Lord Selborne affects. The "Post" goes further, and declares that his scheme is "calculated to fit in completely with the strategic conceptions of his opponents." The Referendum, in particular, must, it fears, "sow the dragon's teeth of internal discord." Even the faithful "Telegraph," encumbered as it is with the exceeding weight of Mr. Garvin's substantives, adjectives, and adverbs, struggles pantingly through them to a tolerably firm refusal to consider Lord Selborne's "details." We have thus a view of the complete worthlessness of the Lansdowne-Selborne scheme. The country pondered it, and would have nothing to say to it. The Conservative forwards will not look at it, and the moderates approach it with obvious foreboding.

Liberals, therefore, are absolved from the discussion of Lord Selborne's "moderate reform" of the Lords, much as well-bred passers-by abstain from sharing the open-air meditations of a man who is obviously talking to himself, or from taking a hand in a domestic difference. But it is well for the country to mark what is the assumption of these "reformers," who, as it were, burgle a good word, and then show it in their shop-front as if it were their honestly gotten property. What is the political position? In effect, *we* are seeking to restrain the powers of the Lords, *they* to retain and even to aggrandise them. Why are *we* acting? Because, by means of an unrepresentative body, in which ten Tories sit for one Liberal, the powers of the representative body, when wielded by a Liberal Executive, were, one by one, stolen and destroyed. What is *their* counter move? A very simple one. It being clear that this subversive power

could not reside in an assembly like the House of Lords when once it had been seriously challenged, the Tory Party has set itself, with some ingenuity, to juggle with names and appearances, so as to preserve, and even to enhance, this anti-democratic force, while giving it an air of pleasant accommodation to the popular will. Thus, it being unnecessary, and even tactless, to show a majority of ten, or eight, or six to one against a Liberal measure, it is wise for the "reformers" to aim at a House of Lords which would only show an anti-Liberal balance of two to one, or even three to two. Then, as the power of the Crown to "swamp" an obstructive House of Lords by the creation of fresh peers constitutes the one final check to its encroachments, it is essential to get rid of this engine by strictly limiting the Royal power of creation, on the plea that the use of it "drags the King into party politics." Again, it being advisable to take power from the Commons without appearing to take it, it is a happy thought to borrow from really democratic communities, like Switzerland or the autonomous British colonies, devices like the Referendum or the Joint Session of the two Houses, and twist them from their local applications into a powerful instrument of privilege.

All these methods, our readers will perceive, are set out, with a fairly specious air of moderation, in Lord Selborne's trilogy of speeches. We really wonder at the use which a usually scrupulous statesman like Lord Selborne, acquainted as he is with Colonial politics, makes of some of these democratic institutions. He states his general aim to be that of assimilating the Imperial with the Colonial relationship of the two Houses. What are the facts? There is no evidence in any of Lord Selborne's speeches of a frank and generous approach to democracy by which the Peers, recognising that the era of privilege is over, agree to come in with the people, and submit themselves to the free arbitrament of the polls. Such an advance might have given Toryism a new lease of life. In its place, we have a timid and feebly crafty tactic for keeping the old powers, and grasping at a few new ones. Lord Selborne proposes to set up a large, powerful assembly of 300 members, carefully picked from the governing "classes," and all the loose bureaucratic ability which happens to be on hand in the Mother Country, to secure it from popular election, to make the Commons share with it the control both of finance and of general legislation; and, finally, by means of (a) the Joint Sitting, (b) the Referendum, and (c) a Committee of the "best men" of the two Houses, with the power of bringing about an appeal to the country, to force the representative power either to make liberal terms with the unrepresentative one, or to throw itself on a *plébiscite*. Compare these proposals with the Colonial examples. The Upper Houses of the Colonies are not large but small, so that, in the Joint Sitting, the lower enacting House usually prevails. They do not spring from a powerful landed aristocracy, like our own, or from the great propertied interests, but are mostly humble and meagre adaptations of the Lower House. Their powers do not increase, they rather diminish. They claim, not equi-potency with that House, but the revising and delaying power assigned the House of Lords

under the Parliament Bill. "Everywhere in the Colonies," says Mr. Temperley, in his excellent manual, "Senates and Upper Chambers," "the Upper Chamber is very small in numbers as compared with the Lower House, in no case more than one-half so many; hence, so long as the majority in the Lower Chamber is a good one, it is bound to prevail in the Joint Session. The small numbers of the Second Chamber secure this result, and the advantage is that the general superiority of the Lower House is decisively secured without necessarily weakening the Upper one." And again: "The Upper Chamber has thus become a Chamber which revises and amends in detail measures submitted to it by the Lower Chamber, but which does not oppose large measures when it has ascertained that the voice of the Lower Chamber coincides with that of the nation. The most modern conception of a Colonial Upper Chamber is that of a revision Chamber, which crosses the *i*'s and dots the *i*'s and explains the meanings of the Bills sent up by the Lower House. Further than that, it can, and sometimes does, exercise a suspensive veto." As to the Joint Sitting and the Referendum, these devices, as applied in the Colonies, are alternative rather than cumulative. No Colony would long stand a Council, not dissoluble itself, forcing dissolutions on the Assembly. And no Colony would dream of any other way with a British House of Lords, supposing so strange a plant ever grew up on Colonial soil, than abolishing it, root and branch.

If, therefore, we re-examine these old problems in their new dress, it is only to perform the really superfluous task of warning the Liberal Party not to be seduced into straying by one inch out of the path mapped out for them by the Parliament Bill. Here is impregnable ground. The nation has twice approved the Bill. The Coalition unanimously supports it. All these beatings of the air, appeals, threats, diversions, sallies from the ark with bludgeons disguised as olive-branches, demands for delay and false statements that the Government have yielded to them, babble about the Coronation—as if a non-party function prevented the nation from pursuing its contested business, and the King from doing his duty as a high-minded man and a Constitutional sovereign—all these showers of self-destroying plans, hatched one hour and blown along the wind the next—are so much evidence that the Liberal Party is on the right track, and that its opponents are desperately anxious to turn it into the wrong one. We shall have the Bill—the very moderate Bill—for which we hold the national mandate, and the Conservative Party can smash just as much Constitutional crockery as it pleases in the effort to prevent us getting it.

ARBITRATION, ARMAMENTS, AND AGREEMENTS.

In immediate response to Sir Edward Grey's speech there has arisen at home and abroad a movement, the very width and volume of which makes it difficult to gauge the real depth and permanence of the forces at work. The cynic will tell us that there are many who will

come forward in a safe movement of this kind, but will never stand the brunt of those strong popular passions—passions of fear or of ambition—which are the effective forces making for war. He will hint that Sir Edward Grey well timed his offer of arbitration to avoid the further insistence of the Liberals on the reduction of armaments, and he will dismiss the arbitration movement as a "soft option," which the candidate for honors in the cause of peace has preferred to the tasks of real difficulty. The enthusiast, on the other side, will point to the universal feeling of the peoples, that the Governments, by their failure to arrange understandings between nations, are imposing on them burdens of taxation too heavy to bear. He will show that this feeling is not confined to one country, that it is, if anything, more widely spread in Germany than here, that it is a more serious menace to Governments whose revenues are largely derived from taxes on the implements of industry and the necessities of life than to those who rely on a more equitable fiscal system. Can we strike a balance between the enthusiast and the cynic, and arrive at a just estimate of the prospects of progress in internationalism?

Arbitration in itself is nothing but machinery, and machinery will not work without the force of feeling behind it. When a new institution is the expression of a need or a sentiment that is genuine and widespread it goes of itself. It develops and extends. Is there such a force behind the movement of arbitration? Looking back over the years, we think that the attentive observer will, in this country at least, note certain well-marked phases of feeling. The close of the last century witnessed the wave of optimistic Imperialism at its crest. The Englishman had been taught seriously to believe that he was the only governor of mankind, whose business it was to bring less fortunate peoples "within the law." The danger to peace then was from aggression, and "though we sought no goldfields and no territory" yet they came to us, and we in the power of duty were set to work exploiting the one and administering the other. This mood of expansion received a severe check in the South African War, and after the peace it gave place rapidly to its opposite theory. We had the goldfields and the territory, but in the process of obtaining them we had not displayed that full measure of superiority which we claimed for ourselves. At once we swung to the other extreme, and appointed a committee to investigate the physical deterioration of our people. Our most expansive statesman found that our commerce was decaying, and called the tune for a band of Jeremiahs, whose doleful strains have been chanted without stint from that day to this. Our naval position was discovered to be insecure, and we were assured that we lay at the mercy of a foreign invader until we should make up our minds to compulsory service. The mood culminated in the scare of 1909; but not many months had passed before those who feel the power of opinion became aware that it was cooling off. The conditions were at length ready for an appeal to common sense, and if the Government had had the courage to resist the demands of the Admiralty, they would this year

have carried opinion with them. In this they failed, but they have instead taken two steps by which in subsequent years their record may yet be redeemed. They have accepted the principle of comprehensive arbitration, and they have made the first move to an understanding with Germany. The first is a step towards ultimate, the second towards immediate, peace, and the value of Sir Edward Grey's speech, and the test of his sincerity, is that the two movements coincide.

In international affairs, even more than in domestic politics, statesmen live from hand to mouth. They are ever confronted with the many-sided and pressing difficulties of the moment, and they have little leisure for the elaboration of far-reaching plans for the realisation of social and beneficial changes of relation. It is much if they can and will experiment in the right direction. For many years past, since the first Hague Conference at least, European statesmen have been experimenting, now by this method, now by that, on ways of securing stable and harmonious international relations. The series of international agreements is one such method; by its means Lord Lansdowne succeeded in settling a whole batch of long-standing controversies with France and in healing many old sores. The method had its dangers. It surged towards alliance, and caused apprehension and resentment in other countries. When the Dual was enlarged into a Triple Entente, it became a menace to the freedom and integrity of a weak and struggling nationality. Nevertheless, it was an experiment which, on its own lines and for its own purposes, was successful. There is every reason to hope that in our relations with Germany it may be repeated with a like success, and that if, finally, the relations of European Powers are covered by a network of agreements we may get the benefits without the drawbacks, the amities without the correlative enmities. One question only would remain—the fate of the smaller nations. Who or what is to guard them against those agreements of the greater Powers which, to them, may be more deadly than their quarrels?

To answer this question, we must turn to the other experiment. The only final solution of international problems is the substitution of Law for Force in the dealings of Governments, and to such Law it must be open to the weakest, as to the strongest, to appeal. The time is premature for the use of armed force in support of law. The first step is to get the nations to agree that they will resort to law, not for one purpose or another at their choice, but for all purposes. Only when this has become a habit can the International Court be put in a position to back its decisions by force of arms. What Sir Edward Grey hopes to do is to provide a working model of law in international dealings, and not only a model, but a system which every nation in turn can join at its pleasure. Now, the appeal in this case is to opinion, to feeling, and to interest, and from all points of view its effect will depend on the attitude of the parties to the scheme, not only towards one another, but to the world at large. If these parties are still seen arming themselves to the teeth, their mutual agreement will be construed by outside Powers as an offensive alliance, and will be taken as an additional reason for a still keener rivalry in armaments. If their own subjects find no

relief from taxation, they will ask of what value the new departure is to them. The progress of the cause of arbitration, then, must depend on moderation in military and naval expenditure, as well as on a conciliatory disposition in diplomatic relations with other Powers. Should the arbitration movement go to the most successful conclusion, it will be no answer to the Liberal criticism of military and naval expenditure. On the contrary, it will supply an additional reason for retrenchment. Sir Edward Grey's task is to prove by actual experience that the Reign of Law among the nations means economy, and therefore social progress, within each nation. Let him demonstrate this connection to his own countrymen, beginning with his colleagues at the War Office and the Admiralty, and he will find it easy to carry conviction to foreign nations. The example he propounds must illustrate, not only the working of arbitration, but the fruits to be garnered from it, fruits of lightened taxation, or of measures of social progress rendered possible by the liberation of public resources from those daughters of the horseleech that now drain them dry.

THE BARGAIN OVER BAGDAD.

THERE seems at length to be something more than the promise of a solution of the long and dangerous controversy over the Bagdad Railway. The settlement which has been announced this week from Berlin and Constantinople has all the appearance of the framework of a reasonable compromise. The problem, indeed, has somewhat shrunk in dimensions in recent years. When the Germans first purchased their concession in the worst period of Hamidian corruption, it probably was in their minds, as it was in ours, that an Empire which could dispose of its great trunk road by a courtier's bargain could not be far from its end. No country which really was jealous for its independence would have sold this privilege to a foreign syndicate, and no Government which retained any vestige of a conscience would have sold it on the astoundingly profitable terms which the Germans obtained. The road to Bagdad may well have seemed at that time the way to a "place in the sun," a political asset, and not merely a commercial venture. But the revolution and the revival at least of the Ottoman military power, have transformed the outlook. The railway may have a great economic future. But if it plays any part in world politics, it will be as the backbone of the Ottoman military system, and not as an item in the break-up and partition of the empire. As little is it likely to become a Continental roadway and a path between Europe and India. The sea-passage to Bombay has been quickened, and the advantage of sending even the mails by Bagdad instead of Suez will hardly be appreciable. If the overland route to India is built in our generation, it will run over the Russian system across Persia. The problem of the Bagdad railway is still vexed and perplexing. But it is limited and manageable. It concerns the trade of Turkey and the future of the Persian Gulf. It cannot be the pivot of Turkey's fate, or greatly affect our tenure of India.

The compromise which has at length been sketched

presents a nice balance of gain and loss from the German standpoint. The gain is immediate; the loss concerns only the distant future. The German company has, indeed, renounced its prior right to the concession to build the final section of the line between Bagdad and the Gulf. That is certainly no light surrender. It is much the easiest and the cheapest section to construct. It will serve a district which has already an appreciable production, and may become, if the English schemes of irrigation are successful, one of the richest corners of the East, a second Egypt, or, at least, a new Bengal. But the gains, certain and prospective, of the new arrangement may well seem to Germans to balance this loss. The railway stretches already to the foot of the Taurus Range. In crossing its mountains, it will encounter engineering difficulties that must put the skill of its staff to a severe test, and absorb money at a rate which makes the immediate problem of finance all-important. But the new convention has offered the company a reward which should transform this problem. It has won the right to extend by a short branch line to the Mediterranean, and to build a port at Alexandretta. It may presumably elect to work from Alexandretta inwards and upwards—a plan which ought greatly to diminish the cost of transporting material to the cuttings and tunnels of the Taurus section. It will in any event, when this Alexandretta section is completed, have an accessible port, from which merchandise may be directed inland towards its starting point at Konia. It never has been probable that trade would follow the all-land route from central Europe to Asia Minor. German exports will go by sea to the nearest point at which they can reach the Bagdad line. That point will now be Alexandretta, a centre equally convenient for the trade that will go north towards Konia, and the trade that will go east towards Bagdad. But that is not the whole of the gain that may be anticipated from the compromise. If Great Britain and France are content to join Germany in working the Gulf-Bagdad section on an international basis, by means of a company in which all three Powers will hold approximately equal shares, it may be assumed that the embargo will be removed which at present closes the French money market to Bagdad stock. The financial difficulty will disappear. The Gulf section may be started independently of the rest of the line, and the whole road may be in working order within a period of from five to ten years. That prospect should remove the last of the obstacles which have made the task of finding capital for this great venture inordinately difficult.

From the British standpoint the gains of the compromise are no less apparent. The rapid building of the line, at a moment when Turkey is becoming a possible field for enterprise, is, to our thinking, the greatest gain of all. A railway is profitable to the investors who construct and own it; but immensely more important, from any national standpoint, is the gain which it offers to the traders who will use it. The Bagdad concession forbids differential rates and tariffs, and if this provision is honestly observed, it matters little to our traders what is the nationality of the company which controls the line. The prospect that

the Gulf section may now be built in a relatively short period is, to our thinking, no less important than the probability that it will be owned and built by an international company. That the approach of a German line, in Turkish territory and under Turkish rule, to the Persian Gulf need have challenged our position there, is a proposition which we should be slow to admit. But in politics that which is believed, is. The establishment of a great German enterprise on the Gulf, with its port, its consuls, its ships, and its inevitable settlement of German employees and officials, would have introduced a new factor into the struggle for prestige. Every foreign establishment in Turkey tends to become a state within a state. It governs itself under its own flag. It collects its satellites and its protégés. It maintains a rivalry with other foreign settlements. The coming of a German railway into a province which we have regarded for nearly a century as in some sense our economic sphere, would certainly have led to perpetual jealousies that might have put an intolerable strain upon our diplomatic relations. The best solution, alike for Europe and for Turkey, is the internationalisation of the Gulf section on terms which will give to us an equal share with Germany in its management. The future of Koweit, if it is to be the terminus of the line, is still a point of some anxiety. The fiction by which we exercise a protectorate over the Arab Sheikh of Koweit, while Turkey retains a shadowy suzerainty, was a possible arrangement under the slovenly anarchy of Abdul Hamid. But with the new order it has become a hardly tolerable anomaly. It is doubtless in our power to retain our hold upon Koweit, but we shall do so only at the risk of alienating yet further the sympathies of the Young Turks, and rousing against ourselves suspicions which will meet us at every other point of their Empire.

It is inevitable that we should think of the Bagdad Railway primarily as a problem in European policy. From a Turkish standpoint it raises quite other issues. A Turk would ask whether this grandiose trunk line, with its very speculative prospects of trade, was the best way of developing a country which requires rather roads to the coast than internal highways. He would centre his criticism on the monstrous system of kilometric guarantees which makes the owners of such a line indifferent to the traffic which they carry. Turkish railways are commonly built with a disregard so cynical for the convenience of the populations which they are supposed to serve, that they avoid the towns as though they dreaded their infection, and undulate across a level plain with serpentine gyrations which multiply two or three-fold the number of kilometres of rail on which a guarantee is paid. They have written the history of the European exploitation of Turkey in legible steel lines across its surface. But heavy though the price has been which a misgoverned Empire has paid for the beginnings of material civilisation, the gain of any road that breaks into the primeval stagnation can hardly be rated too high. The railway, with all its drawbacks, is a promise of progress. Thanks to the compromise drafted this week it will come at last, clear of the rivalries and complications which cursed it at the start.

POLITICS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE reversal in the Court of Appeal of the verdict against Sir John Benn is a matter for congratulation, not only to that gentleman himself, but to all who realise the necessity of safeguarding reasonable liberties of criticism for public men and for the public Press. Sir John Benn, it will be remembered, as leader of the Progressive Party in the London County Council, had attacked the Moderates for installing in the East End a system of electric tramways which, in their operation, proved so dangerous to life that they had to be removed after a brief experiment. He described the tramways as "jerry-built," and the system as one which "all competent experts have declared to be entirely unsuited to London," suggesting further that "company considerations" weighed with the Moderates in their decision to try the experiment. The director and the engineer of the company furnishing the system brought an action which was heard before Mr. Justice Ridley and a special jury. The judge, refusing to rule that the statements could not be taken as defamatory of the plaintiffs, left it to the jury, who held that they were defamatory, and that the defendant was actuated by malice. Though they could not agree on special damage, they assessed the general damage at the ruinous figure of £12,000. The Master of the Rolls, with the concurrence of the other members of the Court, this week quashed the verdict on the grounds that the language was not capable of a defamatory meaning as applied to the plaintiffs; or, in other words, that an attack upon the system could not rightly be taken as an attack upon the owners of the system. Any other judgment would have rendered it almost impossible for any honest and outspoken man to perform his duty in those departments of local administration concerned with the expenditure of public money. If every criticism of the character, quality, or price of goods, or of the motives which induced a Committee or other public servants to order such goods, were liable to be interpreted as a malicious libel upon the inventors, manufacturers, and merchants who supplied the goods, and the critic were liable to be cast in damages by a jury whose composition ensured their sympathy with his political opponents, our local finances would be brought to a pretty pass.

Nobody acquainted with the circumstances for one moment supposes that Sir John Benn had any private animus against the contracting company. It was, indeed, evident that his attack was entirely directed against the policy of his opponents in the County Council. This being so, it was obvious to any fair-minded person that his words could not be defamatory of the directors of the company. But it was also well known that the condition of the law of libel, as interpreted by certain judges on the Bench, and the condition of mind of an average London special jury, were such as rendered it extremely likely that heavy damages could be got against so doughty a Progressive as Sir John Benn. It is no use mincing matters, for the issue is one of wide and ever-widening import. It is well known that there are certain judges whose political bias is so strong that they cannot be relied upon to see quite straight in cases where politics are deeply involved, and that, in such cities as London and Birmingham, juries drawn from the propertied classes are even less scrupulous in venting their

animus upon those whose politics they dislike. The number of cases which come under this category may not be numerous, though of late they have been far too many. But every well-advertised instance of heavy and vindictive damages, such as were imposed by the jury in Sir John Benn's case, serves as a widespread menace to free speech and free publication, and a widespread invitation to politicians "upon the right side" to harass the purse of their opponents.

Nor is this abuse of the law of libel confined to what may be called serious politics. It is carried into all the bypaths of journalism and literature where it appears possible to work a plausible political motive before a friendly jury. Not even the most riotous frivolity, or the most exaggerated satire, affords a protection. It is only three weeks ago that a paper, whose very title should be sufficient guarantee of levity, was cast in damages to the tune of £800 for a burlesque article pretending that the "Daily Express" was "a German Spy," all its protectionist and social policy being cunningly designed to make England poor, and so expose her to the successful attack of a foreign enemy. In this case, the fact that the editor of the "Express" had personally corrected the form of apology that was inserted by the offending journal, in which the article is spoken of as a "journalistic frolic," did not prevent the jury from giving substantial expression to their sense of the grave injury inflicted upon Mr. Blumenfeld. It would be bad enough that serious criticism and satire should alike be confined in this strait-jacket of the law, if this law were applied impartially as between the political parties and their respective organs. But notoriously this is not the case. In speech and in print, as in the arts of electioneering, there is one law for Liberal, another for Conservative. The latter has all the cards in his hand. The heat and actuality of modern politics ensure him, in the great majority of cases, the favorable disposition of judges and magistrates. It is idle and hypocritical to feign that the integrity of our judicial and magisterial benches furnishes any adequate protection against the unconscious play of social and political feelings. To presume any such thing would be to impute superhumanity to persons whose character, career, and circumstances of appointment render such presumption an absurdity. Again, so long as a special jury is always attainable on the application of a litigant in libel cases, this means, in most parts of the country, an overwhelming majority of Conservatives, usually of a class peculiarly unaccustomed to repress their political convictions or feelings. Finally, it must not be forgotten that litigation is always a costly affair, and that this, in modern times when men of large property are staunch Conservatives, places an important weapon in the hands of the party otherwise the stronger. These advantages are now consciously realised by their possessors. As the political struggle grows fiercer with the graver issues that are at stake, we shall expect to see this weapon of harassing litigation used freely and frequently. Fortunately, we still possess in our higher courts of justice principles and traditions of reason and honor which may furnish a strong bulwark of defence against this insidious and dangerous abuse of law.

Life and Letters.

DOCTORS IN DIFFERENCE.

SLOWLY, and with difficulty, an elementary standard of personal hygiene has won acceptance among the more intelligent and educated strata of our population. Cleanliness, fresh air, and regular exercise may be said to be the corner-stones of this hygiene. None of them comes easily to the "natural man." The early makers of the Hebrew laws found it necessary to summon all the rigours of divine and human vengeance to teach the rudiments of cleanliness. Washing has always figured as a semi-religious act, a reputable rite. Its gradual extension from class to class, from nation to nation, has been taken as the outward and visible sign of the spread of civilisation. Regarded as a habit of hygiene it is a modern acquirement. Even so short a time as half a century ago a comparatively small proportion of those who spoke of the workers as "the great unwashed" had a bathroom in their house. Now the respectable mechanic takes his tub and with proper patriotic pride contemns "the dirty foreigner," although in point of fact the washing habit is acquiring as firm a hold of the chief continental peoples as of our own. But what if all this hardly acquired virtue be a mistake, a cunning invention of the soap manufacturer, or a distinctive badge of immunity from manual labor? What if it be simply a disease of civilisation?

Such are the disturbing questions which Sir Almroth Wright raises by the lecture delivered at Burlington Gardens last week. "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as an hygienic method." The natural man is, indeed, no more a lover of fresh air than an enemy of dirt. On the contrary, we know that he loves stuffy rooms and hates a draught. Our ancestors, not long ago, drew close curtains round their beds lest any oxidised air, even from the carefully closed chamber, should penetrate their lungs in slumber. Even now it is a triumph for our health visitor to persuade a cottage-woman to open a window. When she consents it is usually "to please the lady," rather than for any good she thinks she gets from it. She will now be able to quote the great Sir Almroth. "Why is the fresh air cure only applied to tuberculous disease? I hold it to be a dreadful superstition. The whole of the doctrine of fresh air requires to be revised."

The habit of taking exercise, or undergoing needless physical exertion of any kind, is quite unintelligible to most nations. "What induces these infidels to run to and fro when they might sit still?" is the well-known comment of a Turkish potentate as he watched Englishmen playing a cricket match. Nothing, indeed, is more firmly rooted in the orthodoxy of the well-to-do Englishman than the belief that games and sports involving arduous physical energy are good for health. But it seems that this belief is as artificial, as superstitious, as the others. "There is no evidence," says Sir Almroth, "that the man who does not take physical exercise is more liable to disease than the man who does." But he is not content with destroying one by one our hygienic idols. He must pull down the whole temple of the false goddess. "I have noticed in the circulars of the Health Society the phrase, 'Prevention is better than Cure.' I would like to stamp that out. We should wait until we are infected, and then take steps to kill the microbes."

We observe that in some medical quarters this extraordinary pronouncement is treated as a huge joke. But we have a higher regard for Sir Almroth Wright's reputation than to believe that he could perpetrate so clumsy a piece of dangerous facetiousness. Though we have men on our judicial bench who habitually disregard Bacon's advice that "Judges ought to be more learned than witty,"

the leaders of our medical profession have never so demeaned themselves as to seek to confuse the public mind upon the gravest issues of health. We are driven to the conviction that Sir Almroth Wright, one of our chief authorities and pioneers in pathological research, is a whole-hearted disbeliever in these elements of popular hygiene. Nor does he stand quite alone. Other men, hardly of less eminence, have vented from time to time the same scepticism regarding some of our most cherished beliefs in matters of health. Now such utterances cannot fail to provoke profound disquietude. Is this scepticism to be regarded merely as the perversity or eccentricity of genius, the exaggerated distortion of a specialist which finds a panacea in some single mode of therapeutics, such as inoculation, whose superb and all-sufficing value renders all prophylactic treatment of trivial account? Or can it be that our modern hygiene consists largely of a fanatic creed bred of the excessive fears of the classes who, divorced from manual labor, the "natural" lot of man, have leisure and means to elaborate a hygienic ritual as unmeaning, as injurious to their sanity of body, as the religious rituals to their sanity of mind? It is now widely held that a habit of excessive eating, as formerly of excessive drinking, pervades those classes able to afford expensive diets. Yet even the medical profession still stands divided upon the merits of "feeding up," both as a general precept and for particular complaints. Are we about to see a similar rift of professional opinion open up on other maxims of ordinary hygiene which we have come to regard as absolute in their authority upon our lives?

The issue is no light one. Everybody now-a-days is so much of a faith-healer as to be aware of the importance of having a medical man in whom he has confidence. But if this personal faith is important, much more important in the long run is the maintenance of the collective confidence which belongs to the authority of the profession. Now this collective confidence is definitely damaged by these novel doubts sown in the public mind. The dilemma which these candid doctors set before the lay mind is of a far graver sort than that propounded by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It may be briefly stated thus. Readers of the article on Medicine in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be impressed by the enormous and multifarious advances made in every department of the science. Everywhere the expert toil of many trained minds, the wealth of experience gathered in many quarters, have contributed to impart an air of exactitude to the results expressed in language of so much technical precision. Or, turn to another arena, the law courts. Here a sheaf of recent reported cases shows us a profession so firmly established in intellectual orthodoxy that they rally as one man in protest against unauthorised practitioners who claim to fight against disease by weapons forged in some outside armory. Though throughout the history of therapeutics the most important discoveries have slowly fought their way as heresies into the reluctant acceptance of the profession, this lesson of history carries little force to teach toleration or liberality to the present occupants of office. Following in the witness box the row of expert witnesses summoned to convict some osteopath or other unauthorised practitioner, or to defend some member of the fraternity whose patient in a hasty operation "fails to rally," one would suppose that the profession of medicine had reached a level of scientific certainty in diagnosis and in treatment. Yet the confidence which such professional solidarity suggests is strangely contradicted by the detailed experience of everyone who has familiar intercourse with individual members of the profession. Extreme diversity, open and avowed empiricism, fluctuations in treatment almost as rapid and incalculable as the fashions in dress, displace in actual practice the close conformity of the authoritative text-book or the law court. Though the candor of Sir Almroth Wright's statement, "I have been in consultation with twenty-one doctors round a rich man's bed, and none of them knew what was the matter with him," may be rare, most of us have had occasion to suspect that the grave taciturnity of the bedside manner was often but the cloak of a conscious failure to diagnose. Such occa-

sional, nay frequent, failure may well be considered an inevitable incident in the delicate endeavor to track the secret irregularities of morbid processes in nature. But the profession devoted to so difficult and intricate a study might at least be expected to cultivate a more liberal spirit towards the free groups of workers on its borderland or hinterland, whose adventurous discoveries have enriched its fund of knowledge in the past, and are assuredly required to maintain its progress in the future. The habit of heresy-hunting is as injurious to medicine as to religion, and it harms the bigot even more than the heretic. Meantime the layman stands distracted between this attitude of absolute professional authority, on the one hand, and the destructive scepticism which Sir Almroth Wright represents.

RELICS OF SACRIFICE.

A WEEK or two ago we were speaking of the dances that express religious joy—such innocent and abounding joy as poets have seen in dancing flowers or the dancing stars. We spoke of the Dantesque dances of angels, and of the dances of religious ritual still maintained in scenes of old Christian history, as before the High Altar at Seville. But now we would speak of a very different kind of dance, surviving still from an age compared to which the oldest Christian history is but a child. We mean the ancient "sword-dances," such as Mr. Cecil Sharp, with a carefully drilled party of young men, displayed last week before the Folklore Society at Novello's Rooms. Of Mr. Cecil Sharp, it may be said, as it was said of Sir Walter Scott, that he has come only just in time to save the memory of a vanishing world. After all, it is only a fragment that he saves, for much has been lost beyond recovery. Much of the Border Minstrelsy was gone before Scott could gather it up, and remarkable as have been the results of Mr. Sharp's previous voyages of discovery into the English folksongs and Morris dances, there are gaps that can never now be filled—missing verses, lost music, and hopeless corruptions. But of one thing we may be certain in all his work: he will introduce nothing modern, personal, or new-fangled—nothing to make a pretty thing of it, as Scott sometimes did. Whatever he sets down is exactly what he found, and his authority is always given. If there is a gap, it is not filled. There is no elegance, no "fake." He has shown the same accuracy in his new explorations into the sword-dances. Nothing could be more abhorrent to him than such "revivals" as were held lately at Alnwick Castle, when the unhappy dancers were decked out in fancy dress like Toreadors for their display before King Edward. That is the usual fate of "revivals." If the people cannot keep up a custom of their own accord, it had better die than be improved or become a self-conscious, "garden suburb" affair.

In the introduction to his new book on "The Sword Dances of Northern England," Mr. Sharp gives an account of such dances as he found recently existing in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, together with suggestions as to their origin, and their probable connection with the Morris dances and mummers of other countries. The swords may be long or short ("rapper," *i.e.*, rapier, is the local name for the short sword), and the wooden swords, laths, staves, and sticks commonly found in Morris dances were probably substituted for true swords as times became poorer or more peaceful. The performers are six to eight men, with a captain or leader who usually introduces the dancers in rough and in-consequent verse. All manner of names and stories from the Bible and English legends have been interpolated in the course of centuries. Sometimes the dancers are called sons of Lord Duncan, Nelson, Wellington, and Bonaparte. Sometimes they are the Seven Champions of Christendom. Maid Marion and Robin Hood may come in, or the dancers may be introduced as a Squire's Son, a Tailor, a Jolly Dog, True Blue, King of Sicily, Hobby Horse, and "Wild Worm"—a fearsome character. Often they are accompanied by a Bessy or Betty, and a Fool, who plays the clown and collects

money. In the Kirby Malzeard dance, the Captain calls himself "the second Samson" and introduces the dancers as "Philistians," in a dozen fairly intelligible verses like the following:—

"The third is a man of so much milder blood,
Some pity there's lodged in his breast;
He oftentimes threatened to do me some good,
But he durst not for fear of the rest.

These are the six lads that laid hands on me
Without the consent of my dear;
But I will come even with them by and by,
And so gallant and quick you shall hear."

In other dances the Captain's verses have little rhyme and no reason, as in the Grenoside dance, where we suddenly find the following verse, quite disconnected from the rest:—

"Wounded by a charming lady,
Her charms I almost dread;
To die for her I am quite ready,
And at length I conquered her."

But the Captain's song is not the most interesting part of the performance. It has obviously grown haphazard, and usually in recent times. Nor is the dance itself the most interesting part, though it is a wonderful succession of complicated figures, sometimes rising to a genius of elaboration, as in the figure called "Waves of the Sea." The really interesting and significant point is, in the first place, the formation of a kind of star or pentagram by the interlacing of the swords at the end (or sometimes in the middle) of a dance. This star is called the Rose, or the Shield, the Glass, the Lock, the Nut or Knot, and it is the central characteristic of every variety of sword-dance throughout Europe as well as in this country. In descriptions it is invariably mentioned, from the time of Olaus Magnus, who described the Swedish and Gothic sword-dances in the middle of the sixteenth century. Sometimes it serves as a kind of throne for the Captain, sometimes as a crown. But far more commonly the interlaced swords are placed round the neck of the Captain (or in some dances it is the Fool) who kneels in the midst, and the swords are then sharply drawn away by the dancers. "So realistic is the scene in actual performance," writes Mr. Sharp, "that when first I saw it I should not have been surprised if the Captain's head had toppled from his shoulders and rolled to the floor!"

This common figure is evidently significant, but it would be hard to explain without other hints. Happily, there are many such hints, and together they make up a probability of great interest. And that brings us to the second point. In an account of a "rapper" dance in the West Riding just a century ago we read:—

"In the last scene, the rapiers are united round the neck of a person kneeling in the centre, and when they are suddenly withdrawn the victim falls to the ground: he is afterwards carried out, and a mock funeral is performed with pomp and solemn strains."

Similarly, in an account of the Revesley Play, we are told that the dancers "lock their swords to make the Glass," with which the Fool plays, finally throwing it down and jumping on it, whereupon it is disentangled. This is the signal for the announcement that he must die. He kneels down, "with the swords round his neck," to say his last words. Finally, the dancers "draw their swords, and the Fool falls on the floor." Wherever any kind of drama is introduced into the dance, the same kind of scene is enacted. The central incident is always the death of one of the characters, or what is still more remarkable, his death and resurrection. For in some cases the victim is described as returning to life almost at once, and in the Earsdon sword-dance, after the captain's song, a strange interlude occurs, in which two of the dancers feign a quarrel, and one is killed and carried out for burial amid the lamentation of the "Bessy." A travelled doctor, however, arrives, and calls to the dead man, "Jack! take a drop of my little bottle, that'll go down your thrittle throttle," whereupon Jack stands up and shakes his sword, and the dance proceeds amid the rejoicing of Bessy and the rest. Sometimes, again, the Bessy or Betty herself used to be "hanged," and it is noticeable that she still wears a hairy cap with a fox's brush, as in

some cases does the Captain or the "Tommy." Sometimes the heads of animals are used as caps, and in the Horn Dance of Abbot's Bromley great reindeer horns are carried, much as Zulus wear buffalo horns on their heads.

So we seem to find the relics of a real or mimic decapitation, the death and revival of one of the party, and the substitution of a man for an animal, or an animal for a man. Among the Midland Morris dancers we find very similar customs (and Mr. Sharp tells us the sword-dancers always speak of themselves as Morris dancers, though their dance is so different). In one Oxfordshire village the Morris dancers carry a lamb or a lamb's skin, and the festival ends with lamb pies, one containing the head, wool and all. In another village the dancers carry a cake on a sword; in another, a pair of ox horns and a sword. In a Leicestershire village they carry a hare, and scramble for hare-pies "for luck." Putting all these evidences together, we can hardly doubt that the dances are the remains of sacrificial rites, the Morris dances representing the sacrifice of some animal, the sword-dances the later substitution of a man, and the scraps of drama or "mumming" the death and revival of a spirit power embodied in priest or king, and passing to a new embodiment as the man grew old, feeble, and fit to be slain by his successor.

Thus, by the way of English village dances, almost forgotten now amid the pressure of factories and the delight of music-halls, we approach the central mystery of the Golden Bough, the lake of Nemi, and those Arician trees:—

"Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

We have entered the dim shadow under which man groped in awe during the innumerable ages when a spiritual dread was nearly the only thing that distinguished him from the strange varieties of his fellow animals swarming about the world, not many ages after the time when it still seemed to depend on the turn of a hair whether the mammoth, the crocodile, the peacock, or the ape should produce the paragon. In a long note to the chapter on "Human Scapegoats" in his "Golden Bough," Dr. Frazer suggests a parallel between our Morris dancers and the Sali, or leapers, who went springing about Rome and clashing their swords to chase the demons of evil into a scapegoat man, who was called "Old Mars,"—Mars being originally an agricultural power:—

"The resemblance of the Sali to the sword-dancers of Northern Europe," he says, "has been pointed out by K. Müllenhoff . . . In England the Morris dancers who accompanied the procession of the plough through the streets on Plough Monday, sometimes wore swords, and sometimes they wore small bunches of corn in their hats. . . . The fact that this period of license (under the 'Lord of Misrule') immediately preceded the procession of the Morris dancers on Plough Monday, seems to indicate that the functions of these dancers were like those I have attributed to the Sali."

Dr. Frazer even goes on to suggest that the word "Morris" may be derived from Morrius, the King of Veii, who established the Sali, and whose name is probably a form of "Mars." The country people themselves have connected the name with "Moors" (even with "moorlands"!), perhaps because the dancers blacked their faces like Moors—"blackamoors," as villagers still say. But no matter how the word may have arisen, the ritual of the dances appears to take us back to an unimaginable age, long before the Sali began to leap and clash upon the Seven Hills. It was a time when strange powers over nature dwelt, not only in priests and kings, but in animals and trees, when a religious respect for this or that animal bound whole tribes together, and the taking of animal life was a solemn and terrifying ceremony, to be succeeded by joyful dances when the horror was over, and the indwelling spirit was communicated by devouring the flesh. We need not go further into the development of human sacrifice, the reverse substitution of some animal for man, the mimic sacrifice, and the gradual dwindling of a deep solemnity into a cheerful pastime, prancing to pipe and

tabor up a village street. To us there is still a touch of that ancient mystery in the well-known and ancient saying of an old lady, who, when offered a vegetarian meal, grimly replied: "Thank you, but I've a fancy for a bit of summut as has drawn breath!"

BLOODLESS SPORT.

A FEW years ago, when the cinematograph first began to be a popular toy, there appeared in the daily papers an advertisement which was intended to lure the public to a certain music-hall. It assured the curious reader that he would there be privileged to see on the flickering screen a realistic presentment of the hunting of a hippopotamus. The great beast would be shot, as it were, before his eyes. But that was not all. He should be privileged to witness the cutting up of its carcass. The announcement did not allure us, but we have often wondered since what must have been the sensations of a great hall full of civilised men and women, with a few children at their side, as they witnessed these pictures of a hunter's triumph. To what primeval instinct were the devisers of this amusement appealing when they conceived that the way to please an idle audience in Piccadilly between its dinner and its bed, was to send it home with its imagination aflame with the sight of a great creature, rare and strange, and almost reverend by its romantic associations with an extinct past, slaughtered and flayed and cut into pieces before its eyes? Last week there appeared another advertisement from the same source which seemed to mark a certain progress in the interval. Photographers, we were told, were about to start for Burmah, and there they would take their cameras and their flashlights to some silent pool in the forest, and photograph the tigers as they came down to drink. There was to be no shooting, no killing, no flaying, no blood. But the child who had learned Blake's verses in his nursery would see with his own eyes the tiger "burning bright in the darkness of the night," watch the "fearful symmetry" of his limbs in motion, and witness his natural movements, as he conceives himself to be alone and undisturbed.

This popular and commercial recognition of the fact that it may be more interesting to photograph a wild animal than to shoot him marks the revolution which one naturalist, as talented as he is humane, has achieved in our conceptions of sport. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did honor the other day to Mr. Thompson Seton as the revealer of this new method, and it will be to him, and to Mr. Kearton, the student of birds, that a historian of manners will ultimately trace the supersession of the gun by the camera as the instrument of the modern naturalist. These men go out with all the precautions and all the zest of the old-world hunter. They must face privations and fatigues. They must know the habits of the creature that they would study. They must stalk him with infinite precautions, recollecting that a camera is a short-range weapon in comparison with the rifle. Their reward is a picture which shows the animal as he actually lives and moves, at rest or alert, incautious or apprehensive, eating or sleeping, fighting or courting, a living record, where the old-world hunter would have brought home only an inaccurate memory and an empty skin. The method, which has already given us some fascinating records of the habits of American wild animals, will be applied, one is sure, to the even stranger beasts of Africa. One looks, after turning the pages of Mr. Kearton's exquisite photographs of British birds, for some curious and enterprising traveller who will record for us the solemn and amorous dances of those South American birds whose habits Mr. Hudson has studied and described. The news that a "sportsman" had brought home the limp skin and dulled feathers of a crested screamer would agitate no one's pulse. But the exhibition of a photograph which would show him at his rhythmic ritual of movement in a forest-clearing, would be a romantic event.

What is it that has turned the modern naturalist from the traditional methods of slaughter? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle spoke of a personal experience—the cry of a

wounded hare—which had driven him to abandon his gun. One can well believe that most hunters who are capable of any sympathetic emotion have had such moments of ruth and remorse. The literature of sport and travel is full of confessions of pity and regret, though one of the greatest of poems on the chase describes not the hunter's pity for a gallant quarry so much as his rejoicing over its tragic end. Who does not remember Du Chaillu's description of his shooting of a gorilla, which seemed to him when he had done it an unqualified murder? But in an earlier generation men steeled their hearts against such promptings. The typical sportsman is probably by nature rather more humane than the average man. He is interested in animals, but his interest has been taught to take the traditional form of hunting. He divides animals sharply into those which are the partisans of man and those which are his prey. For his dogs and his horses he cannot be too solicitous, but custom has put his quarry beyond the pale of his concern. Some obscure attraction takes him out to shoot it. We once heard a countrywoman explain that her son wished to be a butcher, "because he is so fond of animals." But Darwin, as Mr. Thompson Seton told the Vagabonds, has changed all this. The sharp division of wild and tame is being gradually broken down. The law of England still refuses to admit that there can be punishable cruelty to animals which are *feræ naturæ*. A carter may not overload a horse, but a tamer may with impunity torture a captive lion in his menagerie. That is the old-world morality. Horses and dogs are our allies: they are in a sense within the comity of our citizen life; they must be treated as one treats the subjects of a friendly State. But wild animals, harmless or hurtful, are under the law of war. The new attitude to animals is a by-product of the doctrine of evolution. The modern teacher of humanity is not content merely to preach pity. He inscribes over his temple of universal charity the old motto of the friends of the slave, *Ab uno sanguine*. For him sentient life stretches in an unbroken chain. There may be a more or less of sensibility. He may speculate on the relative worth to the universe of a kitten and a philosopher, but he has ceased to draw his absolute line between the rational being who has rights and the instinctive creature whose vivid life of movement and desire he may end for a whim and destroy without a qualm.

It may seem a far-fetched subtlety which invokes Darwin as the prophet who taught the modern naturalist to photograph instead of shooting. But Darwinism was the climax of a long movement of thought which has ended by upsetting the anthropocentric reading of creation. Conceive of reason as a magical and supernatural faculty which makes an absolute separation between man and beast, and you may plausibly argue for the unlimited supremacy of our race. Conceive of reason rather as an instrument which we have evolved for our own purposes in the struggle for existence, and you will be chary to claim for it a sovereignty too exalted, a power unchecked over life and death. The old cosmogony started from the assumption of the unlimited rights of reasoning over instinctive creatures. Think, as good men did before Copernicus and Darwin, that our little world is the centre of a universe built to revolve around it, that we are the apex and the whole meaning of creation, and you may defend your right to shoot a hare and ignore its cry of pain, or to slaughter an osprey for your hat. As George Herbert put it:—

"For us the windes do blow,
The earth resteth, heaven moveth, fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure."

We are a little less naïve to-day. We think it possible that Mars may be almost as vital to the scheme of the universe as the earth. We harbor the thought that the tragedy of the osprey's violated nest may count for something in the sum of evil. Realise that your earth is a minor luminous blot in space, entertain the thought that your cities may mean no more in the immensity of the universe than a beaver's dam, and, though in self-

defence you may retain your power of keeping down tigers and cobras, you may come to doubt your right to levy on the whole animal creation a tribute of pain. When the Pope spared Galileo, the hunters should certainly have burned him.

PRECOCIOUS KEW.

MAN will never be cured of his admiration for precocity. It seldom means stable and ultimate success, it is the opposite of richness and ripeness; but, by its rareness and unexpectedness, the agony of a pale midwinter flower seems to us more precious than the million heads of the harvest. But afterwards come the very early flowers in their true season, and then our love is more sanely concentrated on the few flowers of March with a fervor for each species that is not possible when it is divided amongst the myriad blossoms of May. We watch the frequently halted unfolding of the first crocus with far more intentness than we expend on the first white lily; keep an annual record of the first celandine, though none of the first butterfly orchis; write poems to the daring daffodil, but none to the dawdling dahlia. We are never quite truly certain that summer is coming again, and must go out again and again to see whether the blackthorn will blossom or no this year; and when April and May have surprised us by coming up to expectation, we take June and July pretty much for granted.

For those who cannot go several degrees south to see spring coming in, Kew is an easy and a sure place to get early and authentic news of her advent. It has a warm and a well-drained soil; even the wild things live there under something like garden conditions, and among a great collection of varieties those labelled *præcox* are naturally well represented. In moments of untrammelled speculation, the writer is tempted to wonder whether there is not something infectious in the atmosphere of Kew that makes outdoor things blossom early because of the February wistaria in the green-houses, and makes normal blossoms open early because of the early varieties planted near them. It seems as though the buzzing of the bees round the unusual masses of Christmas rose stirred up the daffodils before their time. However, in view of sufficient material reasons for the earliness of Kew, the fancy is easily dismissed. Certainly when crocuses were but peeping elsewhere in pioneer twos and threes, we found the well-rounded banks under the oaks and elms at Kew one mass of gold. The big patch of Mediterranean heather at the entrance to the Alpine garden has been for some weeks purple with blossom, waiting till a day of hot sunshine shall bring it a congregation of winged life worthy of the feast. The Alpine garden itself is a sunken dell which makes very much for earliness. Out from the bare mould the early things that put blossom before leaves are sending up all kinds of brilliant gems. None are more beautiful than the hepaticas, whose blue and pink eyes are starred with stamens like eyelashes. The vivid *chionodoxa* opens with plaited purple down between leaves unwilling to loose it on the cold world; and it spends its life in daily spreading wider its blossoms, and daily turning them into brighter blue. Saxifrage gems its limestone with wide white flowers, pigmy daffodils of astonishing yellow are an inch long in the tube on inch-high stalks, soldanella and primula, adonis, butter bur, and a daily increasing host force the pace of spring in this weather-resisting defile.

The hill on which the storks nest has first to cover itself with daffodils, after which it has other effects to produce throughout the summer. A few days ago all the daffodils pointed their folded buds to the sky. Now they are nearly all pendulous, and hundreds of them open. In a slight breeze they dance and fling their golden skirts as only daffodils can, and it seems as though at each sweep of the wind there are more of them that have unkirtled and joined the dance. Perhaps the secret of Kew's early luxuriance is caught here, for the ground is pierced so thickly with shoots that the contribution of the earliest blossom from each clump

furnishes the effect of a general crop. In the open beds, comparatively windswept, there are primulas nearly as precocious as in the dell. Large trusses of close-packed mauve flowers are opening as complacently as though it were May, whereas the sunshine only makes it bearable for about three hours each day and the rest is bitter March. This is *Primula denticulata*, a most useful spring flower. We look in vain for lungwort, which has the knack of doing very well in London, and is now opening on a colder soil than this its blue and purple cowslip-like flowers.

Not even this strong array of groundling blossoms, nor the smoking branches of the yew trees, nor the rosy-blossomed elms can prepare us for the shock of spring that awaits us in the rhododendron walk. The little rhododendrons as big as gooseberry bushes, called *præcox*, are indeed covered with their rather dull mauve flowers, but some of the giants of the rhododendron walk are so flaming with crimson and scarlet that they can be seen nearly half-a-mile away. The great fire of blossom that does not culminate till May has well come in, is now so thoroughly under weigh that those who wish to see all its beauties must visit this end of the gardens at least every week. *Nobleum*, now covered with richest crimson, will be a tale that is told before the April bushes open. So will fiery *fulgens* from Nepal, and many other Himalayans. Last year, it is well remembered, the first wild bees and the queen wasps were busy at one of the best of these trees, *barbatum*, which has now finished blossoming without knowing a wild bee. The bees are punctual even when the flowers are early, and by that we know without looking at a diary that the flowers and leaves are earlier than the bees this year.

Kew is early in its crocuses and daffodils, and well-planted with early blooming exotics; but the traveller knows some more rugged and exposed countries that beat these fat and sheltered gardens at many points in the matter of homely well-established flowers. In the hills whence came many of the limestone boulders of the Alpine garden, some of the things that here are just straggling into spare blossom are in full luxuriance. That is especially so with the white arabis, called by the cottagers, "snow on the mountain," and by some, more affectionately, "welcome home husband though never so drunk." It would be hard to pick a dozen sprays in the Alpine defile, but the writer has seen it this week on its mounds in cottage gardens, or hanging from cottage walls into the road, as white as the sheets that are hung out to dry on washing day. And in gardens where it is almost the only joy, its tenancy equal to that of almost the oldest inhabitant, the flowering currant can be seen among the hills in full blossom, though at Kew the bunches are no more than pink catkins peeping from the young leaves. Just so did the cottager's "fair maids of February" come up for him in their white-skirted thousands earlier and more abundantly than in the gardens of Royal Kew; and so did the ancestral mezezon cover itself with pink fragrance on cold clay and on harsh stone brash as early as did its battalions on this warm sand. One would think that these old favored flowers had a special delight in their owners who live and sleep so near them, and came up early for love.

The cottager is as faithful as his flowers. He does not introduce into his garden the early heaths from the Mediterranean, or the still earlier hybrid that the nurseryman has produced. These show us their tender promise before Christmas, and almost with the New Year their bells open, though with a pallor that only deepens into rose and carmine as the sun climbs to mid-February. And all the time their stamens hang out of the tube and ripen their pollen in the open frost, to shoot off like pistol shots at the touch of the first adventurous bee. We have heaths here from all over the world, some for almost every month of the year, many to take the place of the earliest as soon as they begin to wane. With them will come in the first brooms from Spain and Greece, mostly in very pale lemon, though some of the white dots now showing will make surprising orange, and almost scarlet. The wealth of Kew, at all times incalculable, is never more striking than when

we wander round these small shrubberies as soon as the first daisies are under our feet. Now they spangle the wide lawns with no mean sprinkling. It would not be hard to find half-a-dozen whereon to plant one foot and declare the summer.

The Drama.

THE PLAY AND ITS SUBJECTS.

CRITICS of our modern British drama must often feel how difficult it is to say an effective word in its favor when its official patrons and controllers observe to it the attitude of a parish beadle towards a company of barn-stormers. Here is a licensed, a protected business, under a *police des mœurs*, diligently exercised in saving it from close infective contact with life, religion, morals, social and political questions, and common-sense. Should not this pampered thing at least be uplifted and comforted with the recognition that Kings and Courts extend to the people who serve them competently, "playing the game" as the world and the rulers of this world desire to see it played? Not a bit of it! Look at the announcements of the Gala Performance for the Coronation—the proud State exhibit of the British drama before King and Kaiser! What has been put before King George as representative of our modern theatre? One act of Lytton's seventy-year old "Money"—the poorest play of an early Victorian romantic with no special gift for drama, whose art few playgoers of this generation care to see or need to see. That is all. Of the nineteenth-century English poetic play not a trace. Shelley, who wrote the greatest example of these works of art, one does not expect to see at Court. But does Browning not count? Or Tennyson? Or the Irish poetic school—Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory? Or the English critical school? For aught we know, the Kaiser may have laughed at a Shaw play in Berlin; certainly he has had ample opportunity. He is not allowed to witness it in London. He must know Pinero and Barrie; he will not renew old acquaintance in the city which claims these notable writers as its own. Mr. Galsworthy's fine manner and seriousness might have interested an Imperial amateur of such matters; but not at a Coronation ceremony. Nothing, in short, for which the art of dramatic writing, as practised in this country for the last two generations, is at all distinguished finds a place of credit at the Coronation of a British Sovereign. Does not this suggest that the organisation of this art is sadly at fault; that its values are distorted, that the present relation between it and the State authority is a deforming association? For the dilemma is plain. If even the recognised drama of the past fifty years has done nothing which is judged fit for national honor at a high national festival, it is clear either that the public officers are incompetent critics of art and, therefore, no fit controllers of the British theatre, or that their rule has, in fact, reduced it to incompetence.

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In face of this public slap in the face to the British drama, it is fortunate that we have a quite unauthorised play, which the State can neither ban nor bless, and thoughtful people can see with interest and without affront to their intelligence. Mr. "John Goldie's"—or Mr. Lowes Dickinson's—"Business" is a work of this kind. I do not know whether the Censor would have prohibited it, on the ground that it might offend Mr. Rockefeller; and I should be curious to know how it would be received in the United States, the life of whose people it touches more nearly than our own. But, as "business" is much the same thing all the world over, and is *par excellence* the modern theme, plays about "business" must come as closely home to

all our bosoms as plays about religion to the people of the Middle Ages. If people then were supremely interested—to the point of tears and of laughter—about their soul, and the hosts of mysterious and disturbing interests—helpers, assailants, tempters, and comforters—that hovered at its gates, so in these material times are people concerned in “affairs,” in the machinery of governing, feeding, clothing, and cossetting the inhabitants of earth. This typical absorption in business, say many critics (among them Mr. Dickinson), is specially seen in America. There a logical people puts business first, and sets the other hierarchies—Society, Religion, Diplomacy, Politics, Art—really, if not nominally, behind it. There, then, the Man of Business sits as King, and is a King indeed, sending his Royal Messengers over all the world, and spreading his conquests, like “bonny Lesley,” further and further. Thus, too, a King’s prime function being to make War, Business, in the eyes of William H. Rackham, head of the Oil Improvement Association and lamp-lighter to the world, is a kind of War. It is also Religion; because, as Mr. Rackham explains in his undelivered lecture to the Christian Young Men of Business, it is Service. War, in its turn, implies battle, death, and wounds; and what is Service but the supersession of the useless, or the less useful, by the last economy in invention and application? Art, being not quite measurable by the man of business, stands outside his domain, and William H. Rackham feels uncomfortable at the mere thought of leaving a nude “Giorgione” in the same house as Mrs. Rackham.

This American enthronement of the Man of Business is the subject of Mr. Dickinson’s play, produced before the Stage Society at the Aldwych Theatre, and a very interesting study it is. It would have been more interesting still had the author kept a little freer of the entanglements of the conventional plot, and made his sole *motif* the war between the oil monopoly and “honest” competition, without any relief from a minor love *motif*, and some trifling harmonies of the two themes. Indeed, the power of the play resides mainly in the character of the Oil King, closely studied, as it obviously is, from its living exemplar. Here is a fresh, highly dramatic type, quite different from Isidore Lèchat in “Les Affaires sont les Affaires,” and more appreciable by English critics. Rackham is drawn, not only with the distinction of a really great writer of prose dialogue, but with the proper objective spirit. He is just Napoleon on a battlefield, ordering his soldiers with a view to victory, not to sparing the enemy or to saving his own troops. Business being Law as well as War, there must, of course, be rules. William H. is “out” to break down the competing refineries, and their association with Brewster’s railroad. Peace is offered, as Napoleon offered it to Queen Louisa. “Come in or be broken,” are the terms. But all things are not expedient weapons of the ensuing war. For example, you may bribe your enemy’s servants to disclose her trade secrets, but you must not intimidate her by showing your power to compass the ruin of her worthless son. That would be a “d—d dirty trick.” But you may (secretly) break the State’s law against rebates, and you may (of course) lie to the Press, and toss your victims, good and bad, on to the scrap-heap when you have done with them. You must have a kind of truthfulness to yourself, self-hubbug not being conducive to success in business or anything else. You must be guiltless of the minor vices of wealth, such as vulgarity, self-conscious vanity, the love of show for show’s sake. You can even spare a kind of magnanimity for an old lover, and for the qualities of grit and clear-headedness that you still admire in her. In a word, Mr. Dickinson sets before you a pagan world, a world in a stage of conquest and absorption by its master, the money power; a world in which the Christian ethic is held, like any other appurtenance of luxury, merely as an æsthetic finish to the solid bricks and mortar of the social edifice. Woman, like religion, adorns, but does not support, this structure. The American woman, in the person of Mrs. Rackham, is kept clear of “business.” Pretty and pam-

pered, she sits enthroned in her doll’s house by the worn master of legions who owns her, gives her a good seat in his show of trophies, and thinks he “honors” her by his naive worship of her “purity,” or her beauty, or her dexterity in the arts of sham-living. Politics, Mr. Dickinson makes us guess, is at the feet of this world-monarch. “Honest” competitors have to bow before him, even to the extent of adopting his method of illegal rebates. Nothing, it would seem, is likely to stop him but sheer violence. Rackham falls by a revolver shot from the negro whom his company has bought and thrown away. But his company goes on, stretching out new feelers to grasp the world, and leaving one wronged woman to fight it by telling the people the truth.

Here, then, is a new and powerful member of the order of plays which looks to the economic organisation of society, and bids us examine the human beings it develops. Not that “Business” is a mere pamphlet play, a hot arraignment of capitalism. It is perhaps a little cold in manner, a little too much of a thesis, and too little of a drama. But it is a real picture of social forces, of the form and pressure of the time. The Oil King is quite fairly drawn: he is not physically odious; Mr. Claude King “makes him up” as a pale, studious man, living, like his original, on milk “from his own cow,” Puritan by temperament, without a temper, and with streaks of *naïveté* and generosity mixing with the hard grain of his temperament. Only, like Bernick, in Ibsen’s “Pillars of Society,” he has built his fortune on lies. The Christian Young Men of Business, who, like Rackham, are to get to the top—“if they can”—are not told so; and Rackham, when confronted with them, waves them off as impatiently as a general in the field would brush aside complaints against a masking manœuvre or the falsehoods of his spies and emissaries. But we are made to feel that this atmosphere of war in “business,” as the American monopolist wages it, has the accompanying horrors and losses of actual war, and that civil society, even though it profits by its economies, as Europe profited by Napoleon’s absorption of the little medieval States and bishoprics, cannot endure it for ever. The play is so well-knit and strong in texture, so distinguished in style (save where its author condescends to a theatrical *cliché*), and so fresh and important in subject, that I cannot but hope to see it transferred to the open theatre. Mr. Claude King’s excellent idea and rendering of the great monopolist should certainly be placed before a wider audience than the Stage Society.

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The new play at the Haymarket, “Lady Patricia,” belongs to a recurring type of British drama, the play “made” for the artist. In this case, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the artist; and the design being to give her a comic part, it was necessary for Mr. Rudolph Besier, the “author,” to build up the appropriate decorative design. Therefore, Mrs. Patrick must have, not the roses and raptures of passion, but the lilies and languors of flirtation—middle-age wifely flirtation with raw youth. Therefore, as a counter-effect to flirtation number one, there must be flirtation number two—i.e., of the middle-aged husband with a “flapper” (English for girl). Therefore, again, the pattern of the play must be a perpetual *chasses-croisées* between the two couples, with comic relief from a third couple of elderly match-makers (happy thought!—Mr. Eric Lewis for a Dean, and Miss Rosina Filippi for an elderly, lively, unconventional married woman), and a little maudlin rusticity. Therefore, again, Mrs. Patrick Campbell being Mrs. Patrick Campbell, we must revive the old Gilbert-Wilde line of poetising, deliberately frisking, attitudinising sentimentality, sustained by lilies and liberal quotations from the amorists. So that you see the real begetter of these nothings is the delightful artist who plays “Lady Patricia,” and that not a word more, good or bad, need be said about it.

H. W. M.

Letters from Abroad.

TWO CRITICAL BELGIAN QUESTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Belgian public opinion is just now pre-occupied with two questions which have more than a local interest: the affair of the fortifications of Flushing, and the proposal to transform the French University of Ghent into a Flemish University. The first is a question which directly interests England. The second engages the special attention of France, which sees in the progress of the Flemish movement in Belgium a serious menace to French culture. I propose briefly to indicate the bearing of these two problems, and how they should be solved.

On several occasions for some time past the International Socialist Bureau, which has its headquarters at Brussels, has taken the initiative in summoning conferences of Socialist deputies of different countries for the purpose of discussing difficulties that had arisen or threatened to arise between their respective Governments. Last year the Belgian Socialist deputies went to Paris to take counsel with their French comrades as to the means of preventing a tax on foreign workmen, which threatens particularly to affect their compatriots. The Socialist deputies of Austria and Italy met at Trieste to unite in a parallel opposition to fresh expenditure on armaments. Finally, on February 27th last, the seven Dutch Socialist deputies received in one of the halls of the Binnenhuis at The Hague a deputation from the Belgian Socialist Parliamentary group, who had come to discuss the fortifications of Flushing.

Hitherto, this question of the fortifications of Flushing has received less attention in England than in France or in Belgium, although—as we shall see later on—England is, perhaps, more interested in the matter than any other country. However, all those who keep in touch with international politics know that, some months ago, the Dutch Government laid before the States-General a measure which proposes to organise the “defence of the coasts” by creating fortified places at different points on the Northern sea-board. Of those fortifications the most important would be those at Flushing, on the banks of the Scheldt.

That the Dutch Government has the right of fortifying Flushing or any other place within its territory, no one can dispute. But, supposing that it does so, could it, in case of war, bar the passage of the river to others than its enemies? Could it, for example, on the supposition that the German military staff put into execution the project, with which it has been credited, of violating Belgian neutrality, prevent an auxiliary fleet sent by one of the Powers that have guaranteed that neutrality—let us say an English fleet—from ascending the Scheldt and disembarking troops at Antwerp?

Such are the questions which have already given rise to infinite controversies among the interested parties.

On the Dutch side, the Government has as yet said nothing. But an eminent man, Jonkheer den Beer Portugael, a retired Lieutenant-General and a member of the Council of State of the Low Countries, has published a volume that has made some stir, in which he maintains that, in case of war, Holland would not only have the right, but the duty, of preventing help from reaching Antwerp by way of the Scheldt.

On the Belgian side, on the other hand, an eminent juriconsult, M. Ernest Nys, supported by the whole Press of his country, has endeavored to prove that as the Scheldt is not a river belonging exclusively to the Netherlands, but in reality an international river, Holland would be bound, in case of war, to open it to any vessel owned by one of the guaranteeing Powers which decided to send a ship there to protect the threatened neutrality of Belgium.

As a result of these publications, Belgian public opinion, or at least a section of it, has been aroused. Notice of interpellations has been given both in the

Chamber of Representatives and in the Senate. The Dutch, on their side, have shown some irritation at seeing foreigners intervene in their concerns. In brief, there has been, thenceforward, some little tension in the relations between Belgium and Holland, and it was in the hope of bringing about an understanding between the respective parties that the Belgian Socialist deputies went to The Hague.

At the beginning of the interview, M. Toelstra, the leader of the Dutch Socialists, declared that, from their point of view, Holland's right to fortify Flushing was incontestable, but that, as a matter of fact, the projected fortifications appeared to be quite useless for the defence of the country. Flushing is, in fact, completely outside the system of the defences of the Netherlands, which have been concentrated, as is the case with all small countries, Belgium and Denmark in particular, on a special point: Amsterdam is the centre of the defences of Holland, as Antwerp is the “retreat” of Belgium, and Copenhagen that of Denmark. It is about Amsterdam, completely surrounded by fortified posts, and zones that can be flooded, that, in case of war, the troops would have to take up their positions. The projected fortifications at the entrance of the Scheldt would not serve to protect any place of importance from a military point of view. “If we leave without defence Gröningen, Leeward, Zwolle, Arnhem, Nymegen, Maastricht—all the frontier towns on the side of Germany—what special reasons have we for caring so much about Flushing or Terneuzen?” We have none, and that is why the Socialists have resolved upon an inflexible opposition to the projected fortifications.

In reply to these deliberations, the present writer, speaking on behalf of the Belgian deputation, raised the question whether Holland had the right, in case of war, of barring the passage of the Scheldt to a fleet bringing assistance to Antwerp. He pointed out that the pamphlets issued by Jonkheer den Beer Portugael threatened to furnish pretexts for the Belgian militarists to demand, in their turn, new fortifications. But he added that, as a matter of fact, the fortification of Flushing is, from the Belgian point of view, a matter of secondary importance, and that for two reasons. In the first place, Belgium possesses on the North Sea two ports, Ostend and especially Zeebrugge, which would lend themselves better than Antwerp to a disembarkation of troops; and, on the other hand, supposing that Flushing were not fortified, nothing would be easier in case of war than to close the Scheldt by placing mines in the bed of the river. It is, moreover, impossible that a fleet of war-vessels would ever risk ascending the Scheldt to Antwerp, because, if two or three lighters were sunk in the passage near Bath, it would be completely bottled up. This being so, the sole practical importance of the question raised by the project of the Dutch Government, from the Belgian point of view, was that it tended to create a regrettable tension between two small countries formed to watch over each other and, in case of need, to give each other mutual support.

On the whole, then, the Belgians declared that the projected fortifications of Flushing had, and would have, scarcely any importance as regards the defence of Antwerp. The Dutch, on the other hand, attributed to them still less importance from the point of view of the defence of their own country. Hence, a question arose irresistibly: if these fortifications are useless to prevent the defence of Antwerp, and useless also to aid the defence of Amsterdam, for what could they be intended except to serve the interests of a third party, which exerted an influence on the Government of the Netherlands in order to impose their establishment upon it?

Now, to this question, the Belgian and Dutch Socialist deputies were unanimous in replying: the *tertius gaudens* in this affair, the third party for which these fortifications could serve in case of need as a basis for operations against another Power, was Germany.

This is how, moreover, “Het Volk,” the organ of the Dutch Socialist Party, referred to the sub-

ject after the conference: "Holland, with its project of coast defence, has given generally to Europe the impression that there is something behind it all. These fortifications are so evidently favorable to German interests that France and England have seen in them a manœuvre of Germany. That in this manner international distrust has increased, and that it can give grounds for an augmentation of armaments, does not need to be stated."

In these conditions, the Belgian and Dutch Socialists, equally hostile to all increase of military expenditure, could have but one feeling in regard to the projected fortifications of Flushing. The Dutch Socialists declared to their Belgian comrades that they would do all in their power to prevent the measure from passing into law.

It seems, besides, that the Dutch Government itself is hardly disposed to push the matter further. Since M. Pichon raised the question in the French Chamber, the whole matter of expenditure seems likely to be postponed to another session. It has, in fact, been decided that there would be a preliminary discussion on a project which tends to modify the law of military service by raising the military contingent from 17,000 to 24,000 men. This is, in fact, the adjournment of the question of the fortifications of Flushing for at least a year. To transform this adjournment into a definite abandonment will be the task of those who, in Holland and elsewhere, are attempting to prevent the burden of armed peace from growing heavier, and possibly ending by compromising the maintenance of international peace.

It is known that Belgium is a bilingual country. In the Southern provinces—the Walloon provinces—the whole population speaks French. In the Northern provinces—the Flemish provinces—the populace, artisans and country people, scarcely know any other language than Flemish or Dutch, but the middle and upper classes have French as their usual language, and many of them do not speak the language of the people, or only speak it very imperfectly.

Under these conditions it is natural that the country should have been governed exclusively in French—the language common to the directing classes in all the provinces—as long as the middle and upper classes were the only masters. But during the past twenty years the artisans and the peasants have had the suffrage. They elect the deputies. They are represented in Parliament. They demand from their representatives that, from a legal point of view, the Flemish language, the only language that they speak and understand, should have the same rights as the French language. At present laws are voted, and official documents published, in both languages. Nobody can become an official or a magistrate in the Flemish districts unless he can speak Flemish. Secondary education, in the Flemish districts, is given partially in Flemish. Finally, to accomplish their desires, the *Flamingants*—for it is thus that the protagonists of the Flemish movement are designated—demand the creation of a Flemish University.

No one can absolutely deny the justice of this claim. In a country like ours, where the population is almost equally divided into two linguistic groups, it is obviously unjust that one of those groups should have two State Universities, those of Ghent and Liège, whilst the other has none. The Flemish people demand, on the whole, only what the Czechs have obtained in Prague, the Poles in Lemberg, and what the Italians will soon have in Vienna. The opportuneness of creating a Flemish University, is, perhaps, open to question, the principle itself is not.

But the *Flamingants* are not satisfied with desiring a Flemish University. They demand the suppression, or, more exactly, the "Netherlandising" of the French University of Ghent. They maintain that the creation of a new University would cost too much, that it is preferable to replace the French curriculum in one of the existing Universities by a Flemish curriculum. They declare that they will very shortly bring forward a proposal on those lines.

This proposal will, without any doubt, give rise to opposition both from the Walloons and the French-

speaking Flemings, who form the largest section of the Flemish middle classes.

Nobody, it must be said, takes seriously the financial argument which the *Flamingants* employ. An expense of fifteen or twenty millions of francs would not injure Belgium. They do not desire the existence of a French University and a Flemish University in a Flemish country, their opponents say, because they fear that the latter would have but few students, and also because the greater number of them are anxious to suppress a centre of French culture in Flanders.

Whether this be true or not, the Walloons are carrying on an agitation. The friends of the French language are protesting, in advance, against the project. It is to be feared that, should the agitation increase, the germs of division which already exist between the Flemings and the Walloons may develop to such a point as to compromise the moral unity of the nation.

I believe, nevertheless, that a working arrangement will win in the end. There are, among all parties in Belgium, men who are desirous of calming the conflict and doing justice to the Flemish population, whilst bearing in mind the fact that the French language is usual among the greater part of those who are engaged in higher studies in the Flemish districts.

Thus, it is probable that the legislative proposal tending to "Netherlandise" the University of Ghent will soon be opposed by a project tending to create a new University, beside, and not on the ruins of, the French University, and that, finally, this latter project will oust the former.

This is, in my opinion, what ought to be eagerly desired by all those who are desirous of maintaining the national unity of Belgium.—Yours, &c.,

EMILE VANDERVELDE.

Brussels.

Communications.

THE "AFFAIRE" BERNSTEIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Not the least ironical and melancholy feature of the "Affaire" Bernstein is the widely-accepted statement that it was of "his own accord" that the young and brilliant French dramatist withdrew his play from the Comédie Française. As a matter of fact, the suspension after only seven performances of "Après Moi," M. Henri Bernstein's latest and most notable comedy, was consummated in the following circumstances. Scarcely had M. Monis, the new French Premier, assumed office than he sent for M. Lépine, Chief of the Police. After the latter had described the hostile demonstrations of which M. Bernstein had been made the object, both inside and outside of the House of Molière, and had furthermore given an account of the measures taken to repress the disorder, M. Monis observed abruptly and firmly, "Well, I am sorry for M. Bernstein; but this tumult must cease." In other words, it was M. Monis's intention, on the first recurrence of the demonstrations, to forbid further performances of "Après Moi" at the Comédie Française—which, being a national theatre, subsidised by the State, is practically under the control of the Government. Not M. Claretie, the "General Administrator," but the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts (acting, of course, for the Cabinet) is the supreme chief of the Théâtre Français. So, after taking leave of the Prime Minister, M. Lépine immediately called upon M. Bernstein. "I would rather withdraw my play than have it forbidden," said the unfortunate dramatist. That same night Victor Hugo's "Hernani" replaced "Après Moi" on the theatre bills. That same night, too, M. Bernstein was summoned to the Ministry of the Interior, and congratulated on his "obliging, generous action" by the French Premier. Not much of a compensation—the approval of M. Monis, M. Monis's shake of the hand—for the wreckage of a play which, on the first night of its production, had been pronounced a masterpiece by the critics, and acclaimed with equal enthusiasm by the public. Not much of a consolation, those polite but hurried words in a Ministerial bureau;

seeing that the speaker had destroyed the ambition most coveted by French playwrights—a "success" in Molière's glorious House. "Après Moi, le déluge," said Henri Bernstein wittily, and with bitterness.

What, briefly, are the facts of the case? Because M. Bernstein is a Jew, and because in his youth, and in a moment of madness, he deserted from the French Army four months before his full term of two years' military service had expired, his play has been wrecked by a number of disorderly and contemptible anti-Semites and Royalists. In a dignified letter to the Paris newspapers, M. Bernstein admitted, and expressed sincere contrition for, a fault committed thirteen years ago. "I did not go alone; in a word, I yielded to the madness of a young man." Such cases of desertion are common enough in the French Army (as M. Gaston Calmette, editor of the "Figaro," and a fervent militarist himself, has confessed). Precisely because they are committed for sentimental reasons—the eternal "affair of the heart," the devastating "coup de foudre"—they are regarded with a certain indulgence by the military authorities; at all events, the offenders are not made to suffer for their wild, unfortunate "amours" thirteen years afterwards.

But M. Bernstein is a Jew, and (by virtue of his own talent) successful and rich. And of late the bands of anti-Semitic and Royalist rowdies who played such prominent rôles in the Dreyfus Affair, have been idle. Thus the production of M. Bernstein's play at the National Theatre was a fine opportunity for a repetition of the demonstrations of eleven years ago. The manifestants numbered two thousand at the most; but, as in 1899, their violence inside and round about the Comédie Française necessitated the calling-out of the mounted Republican Guard; fierce charges took place, Parisians were knocked over and injured by the horses of the Guard, revolvers were discharged, "bagarres ensued;" whilst the Avenue de l'Opéra echoed with the old cries of "Down with the Jews!" and "Death to the Jews!" and with the new frenzied shout of "Death to the Jew deserter Bernstein!" Then, within the House of Molière, more "incidents." Pepper thrown down from the upper galleries, evil-smelling powders ignited, a blowing of motor-horns, sixpenny trumpets, penny whistles. Parties of anti-Semites and Royalists barricaded themselves in the private boxes and showed fight when the police broke down the doors. And above the din—whilst the actors and actresses of the world's leading theatre stood on the stage disconcerted, helpless—above this tumult resounded again the shout of "Death to Bernstein, the Jew, traitor and deserter!" Numbers of arrests were effected. Half-a-dozen duels took place. And M. Monis (in the favorite words of the French journalist) "inaugurated" his career as Prime Minister by a manifestation of incomprehensible weakness that cannot have failed to excite cruel sardonic exclamations from M. Clemenceau, and a gesture of weary resignation from M. Briand—his stronger and more courageous predecessors in office.

For M. Monis's veiled intervention in the Affaire Bernstein amounts to this. In causing the withdrawal of the National Theatre's latest play he has given satisfaction to the avowed enemies of the Republican régime. It is a triumph for the anti-Semites and the Royalists, who sport in their button-holes the white carnation, symbol of allegiance to Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the effete Bourbon exile. It was only three weeks ago that in the publication by the "Matin" of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau's "private papers" the following telegram (intercepted in the stormiest days of the Dreyfus Affair) appeared—"Begin operations. The sooner the better. Philippe." This telegram was addressed by "Monseigneur" to "Monseigneur's" Chief of the Staff in Paris—that flashy, rowdy organisation of which the recent manifestants in the Avenue de l'Opéra are prominent members. Those of them who were arrested for wrecking M. Bernstein's play were released after an hour's detention at the police-station; and their ultimate punishment has been a fine of twenty to thirty francs, or, at the most, three days' of comparatively comfortable imprisonment. Had the first batch of manifestants been summarily dealt with, the agitation would have been stamped out—and the gross act of injustice to M. Bernstein would have been rendered unnecessary. M. Lépine, Chief of the Police, who had his hat smashed over his head in the tumult outside the House

of Molière, shrugs his shoulders despairingly when asked for his views on the "Affaire" Bernstein. "What could I do?" he replies despairingly. "Why, I am not even allowed to deal adequately with the Apaches." The Paris correspondent of a leading New York newspaper was "hurled out" of the Théâtre Français and "dragged" to the police-station, because his neighbor—for whom he was unfortunately mistaken—had "demonstrated" against M. Bernstein. At the banquet given two days later by the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris to M. Pichon, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, the New York correspondent complained somewhat bitterly to M. Lépine—who was present at the function—of his adventure. "Ca ne m'étonne pas," replied the Chief of the Paris Police, cheerfully. "Rien ne m'étonne." But he proceeded, as some kind of consolation to the American, to relate that in the innumerable street affrays he had figured in, he, M. Lépine, had lost a quantity of hats, umbrellas, and walking-sticks; and that an ungrateful Government had never replaced them.

But if the actual French Cabinet has shown much weakness in its handling of the latest "Affaire," intellectual France has, as always, come forward to champion the cause of dignity and justice. The French Academy—the Forty Immortals without distinction of party—figures conspicuously in the Protest that has been drawn up to "deplore, and prevent the recurrence of, an outrage against the Freedom of the Arts, which has hitherto been invariably respected." The most distinguished men and women in the worlds of Science, Letters, Painting, Music, and Drama—even the boulevard worldlings, even the haute and the petite bourgeoisie—have signed the Petition; but unfortunately the support of the French Intellectuals, and the voice of the public, are not enough.

"Après Moi" is shortly to be revived at a boulevard theatre; and it is an open secret that the anti-Semites and the Royalists, overjoyed at their recent victory, intend to resume their demonstrations on the night of the revival. But further wreckage of M. Bernstein's play or plays—for the campaign against him, unless checked, might continue indefinitely—will prove disastrous to him, bring his career as a dramatist who has contributed at least half-a-dozen masterpieces to the French theatre to an end. It therefore becomes the duty of M. Monis to protect the author of "Après Moi" from a fate similar to that which he suffered, and endured "obligingly and generously" at the hands of the anti-Republican rowdies and conspirators—in the House of Molière.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

March 15th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

FOREIGN FLEETS AND BRITISH BUILDERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The supply of foreign Powers by British ship-builders and engine-builders of warships, armaments, and designs is a point that has hitherto, for the most part, escaped the observation of the British taxpayer.

Since such warships may not only be used directly against us by the purchasing Government, but also may by sale or capture become part of the naval force of any hostile Power, they form part of the forces against us with which we are bound to compete, and against which we must ourselves build. That means they lead to our own additional taxation in the long run.

Few people probably have any conception of the immense contribution made by our shipyards to Powers of whose permanent friendliness to ourselves we have no sort of guarantee. To put it at an average of a million a year would probably be much below the mark. This, of course, means vast profits to our manufacturers and the freeing of large classes of our laborers from all fear of unemployment; but private profits ought not to create public dangers, and the nation's interests should be placed before a firm's.

To take an illustration: Messrs. Vickers & Maxim

lately built the powerful armored cruiser, the Rurik, to the great satisfaction of the Russians; and, though the terms of the contract remain undisclosed, Messrs. Brown & Co., of Clydebank, have acted as consulting engineers for the construction of the four Dreadnoughts laid down in Russian yards on June 16th, 1910. But why, for private interest, should our best naval designs be sold to a foreign Power? Or why should we provide Russia with battleships, which, by falling an easy prey to Germany, might serve as a reason for additional building by ourselves?

The Brazilian naval programme of 1907 provided for twenty-six vessels, at a cost of eight millions, and nearly all these millions will come our way. Three battleships have been built, or are building, at Elswick or Barrow; four scouts occupy Elswick; fifteen destroyers have been built and five remain to be built by Messrs. Yarrow at Scotstown. The temporary gain is certain to the firms concerned: it is the nation's ultimate detriment that is in question and ought to be considered.

Spain is engaged in building three battleships, three destroyers, and twenty-four torpedo-boats. A Spanish firm is constructing them, but again under the direction and responsibility of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Messrs. Vickers & Maxim, and Messrs. John Brown & Co. But might Spain never form part of a hostile coalition against us, as in past times?

The actual Turkish naval programme is believed to provide for the purchase of two battleships or armored cruisers, three other cruisers, and ten destroyers, and most of these are to be constructed in British yards. China, too, is contemplating an Imperial Navy, and doubtless she also will be a customer of our shipbuilding companies. But in both these cases the same question recurs, Why should we create future dangers and difficulties for posterity by adding to these foreign navies?

Of our projectile manufacturers, Messrs. Hadfield have for some time been occupied with orders for foreign Governments, and have been intrusted by one Power with the making of some of the largest armor-piercing shells yet produced. But could anything be more absurd from the national point of view? Here are we groaning under the cost of providing our ships with the strongest possible armor, and at the same time we are letting our manufacturers provide all and sundry of our possible enemies with projectiles to pierce it with! I submit that this is a stupidity.

There was great indignation in the Duma when the Russian Government supplied Messrs. Vickers & Maxim with a certain method, discovered by Russian engineers, of preparing strong armor-plate at a low cost and with the plans of a 10-inch gun that had done wonders at Port Arthur; but is there any difference in principle between a Government's disclosing naval secrets to a possible future enemy and its suffering private firms to strengthen the naval resources of a possible future enemy? For, in either case, it is contributing to its own possible future detriment, and laying up future taxation for its own subjects, not for national, but for private interests.

For this last reason it would be only an evasion of the point to argue that prohibitory legislation would cause a great displacement of capital and labor. Admittedly, it would; but why should the shipbuilder more than the agriculturist claim to have an interest above the nation's? If I, as a landowner, were to advocate Tariff Reform on the ground of the increased profits it would bring to farmers and the large number of laborers it would call into employment, should I not rightly be told that the interests of a particular industry were not to be set above the interests of the community at large? The cases are parallel.

And if the huge sums, represented by these foreign orders, these eight millions, for example, from Brazil, went to a neighbor instead of to ourselves, the additional purchasing power so conferred on that neighbor, by resulting in an additional demand for other English goods, would call into activity and employment quite as much capital and labor as it diverted from an anti-national direction. But, even were this doubtful, the principle can hardly be gainsaid that private gains ought not to constitute public dangers.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster,
March 22nd, 1911.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Two great waves of thought are now passing over men's minds: the one the wave of International Arbitration, the other the wave of Eugenics. The origins of these waves are very different. The first proceeds from an awakened sense of the immorality and wastefulness of aggressive war; the second is the logical outcome of biological and statistical research. Yet the connection between the two is very close, as, with your leave, I will briefly show.

Why is it that the suggested agreement between Great Britain and the United States is being acclaimed in both countries? Is it not because it is generally recognised that war is prodigal both of men and of money—of men physically fit, of money that must be reckoned in millions of pounds? And why is this science of Eugenics steadily gaining ground, not only in Great Britain and the United States, but all over the civilised world? Is it not because there is an awakened consciousness that on the production of the physically and mentally fit, and the elimination of the physically and mentally unfit, human progress largely depends? It is not, however, enough that there should be good "stocks," there must also be good environment, in order that each individual may, as far as possible, have a chance of developing his or her inborn powers. In other words, there must be social reforms, which, as we know, cost money, and with enormous naval and military armaments, the money required is not to be procured save at the risk of national bankruptcy.

Why, again, is France pacific and Germany in a state of unrest? Is it not because France is not forced to seek an outlet for a population that she cannot maintain within her territorial limits, whilst Germany, on the other hand, is forced to seek such an outlet, and only by territorial expansion can she find it? As has been well said, "Germany's present boundaries are rapidly ceasing to suffice, not only for her ambition, but for her needs. She is adding to her population at the rate of a million a year, and this rapid growth takes either the form of increased pressure at home, or is lost to *Deutschthum* and the flag by emigration abroad. Imured in a geographical prison, the walls of which are spiked by the power of the Dual Alliance, she must either burst her bonds, or acknowledge final defeat."

The two waves of thought indicated above thus mingle and become one, and on both so united the bark of humanity must ride if, aided by the favorable breeze of the spirit, it is to be steered safely into port.—Yours, &c.,

A PEACE LOVER AND EUGENIST.

March 22nd, 1911.

TORTURE BY THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish I could think that you were justified in inferring from Lord Morley's recent speech on police methods in India that "the detestable habit of 'working for a confession' is to be more stringently treated." Nor, I fear, is much comfort to be derived from the statement that "confessions are only to be made in the presence of a magistrate," and that "the police . . . are not to be allowed to keep persons in their custody for more than twenty-four hours without bringing them before a Court."

These provisions are not new or in the nature of reforms. They are as old as the Code of Criminal Procedure, and have failed entirely to prevent torture. The sad truth is that not a single reform was suggested by Lord Morley, except the raising of the pay of sub-inspectors and improvement in the training schools for the police; steps to the good, no doubt, but hardly adequate when British subjects are being tortured to death by policemen employed by our Government. Moreover, it is the subordinate constables who are so flagrantly ill-paid and disgracefully illiterate.

The law in India to-day, as I understand it, is that, though confessions to policemen are in name inadmissible, they are in fact admitted every day by this simple device. The policeman who has, by fair means or foul, obtained a confession from a suspect, takes him before "the nearest magistrate"—who may be a third-class magistrate, destitute of legal training—and gets that magistrate to record the confession, after duly inquiring from the suspect whether

the confession is voluntary. Lord Morley asks: Why can't the man complain then to the magistrate, if he has been tortured? Surely an innocent question! Is it likely that a man brought from the custody of policemen, who have wrung from him a confession, will divulge the fact when he knows that he will return to the same custody and be liable to worse torture than he has suffered before. The only remedy is to abolish this practice of remanding prisoners to police custody, and to make the law in fact what it is in theory, under the 25th section of the Evidence Act of 1872, viz.:—

"No confession made to a police officer shall be proved as against a person accused of any offence."

If no confessions were admissible except those made to the Court trying the case, the police would have no temptation to extort confessions.

It is true, as Lord Morley said, that a prisoner cannot be detained by the police more than twenty-four hours "in the absence of a special order of a magistrate under section 167." But under that section the police can obtain absolute control for fifteen days of the person of the suspect, take him about wherever they think fit, and confine him where they like, in the course of the investigation. Is not this a reckless power to grant considering the admitted character of the police? It was in 1883 that Sir James Fitzjames Stephen published the following note in his great work on Criminal Law:—

"During the discussions which took place on the Indian Code of Criminal Procedure in 1872, some observations were made on the reasons which occasionally lead native police officers to apply torture to prisoners. An experienced civil officer observed, 'There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence.' This was a new view to me, but I have no doubt of its truth."

More than twenty years passed, and in 1904 the Commission of distinguished Indians and Anglo-Indians appointed by Lord Curzon reported that, in view of the statistical test still in vogue by which the merits and promotion of policemen depend upon the number of convictions they obtain:—

"The station-house officer naturally concludes that it is of the first importance for his promotion and prospects that he should obtain a high ratio of convictions and a low rate of crime: *He believes that attention is given much less to the methods of his work than to the results of it, and that but little inquiry will be made regarding the means provided the ends are satisfactory.* (Italics mine.) It is not necessary to expatiate upon the evils which flow from the wide prevalence of these mischievous opinions among subordinate police officers, nor need the Commission dwell upon the imperative urgency of doing everything that is possible to remove all justification for a belief so damaging to real efficiency."

What could be stronger than this as to the supposed attitude of the Executive towards torture? Yet what has been done during the past six years to remove this damaging belief? Early in 1909, the highest Court in the Punjab delivered a startling judgment, in which they called upon the Executive for a searching inquiry into the conduct of police, whom they suspected of having inflicted unspeakable torture upon a young, defenceless woman. The answer of the Executive was to call for a Memorandum from the superior officer of the men implicated, and on the strength of it to publish a statement that the policemen were innocent and that the Judges were wrong in their suspicions. Later on in the same year the highest Court in Bengal passed severe strictures upon two police officers, whose treatment of prisoners had been the subject of prolonged investigation at their hands. The reply of the Executive was to decorate those officers with titles in the next Birthday Honors List. Both these acts received, if not approval, certainly no public condemnation, either from Lord Morley or the Viceroy.

These perfunctory inquiries by the police into charges made against themselves were the subject of condemnation by the Commission in 1904, who recommended that where the Courts publicly or privately expressed suspicion of the misconduct of the police before them:—

"A copy of the judgment or of a separate note should be at once forwarded to the District Magistrate, who should pay due attention to it, conducting by competent and impartial agency any inquiries that may be necessary, and absolving from blame any police officer who may after all be found innocent of fault, but taking adequate notice of any misconduct that may be established. The Commission have had considerable evidence before them of the disastrous conse-

quences that follow from disregarding the strictures of the Courts, and from laxity in inquiring into and suitably dealing with cases of alleged misconduct."

With this grave warning ringing in their ears, the Government of India have allowed case after case to be disposed of by secret police inquiries; cases involving not merely arbitrary confinement and cruel beating, but, if the suspicions of the judges were right, branding and racking, and in the recent case from Bengal such treatment as to cause blood poisoning, leading to the death of the victim. How much longer is the recommendation of the Commission to be ignored?

Sir, the sufferers from these barbarities are British subjects, with all the rights inherent in that high privilege. The men who inflict these barbarities are paid by a Government for which the British people are responsible—a Government claiming to administer British justice and to possess British humanity. Will you not use the power of your eloquent pen to bring home to our rulers that these things cannot bring strength or credit to our rule, and that we ought to bear in mind that wise advice given to Parliament some ten years ago by Mr. John Morley:—

"The more you extend your Empire, the more imperative is it that this House should extract from its agents abroad the same standard of conduct which we exact at home, and it will be a bad day, indeed, if we have a conscience for the Mother Country and another conscience for all that vast territory over which your eye does not extend."

This was not spoken of policemen, but it is none the less profoundly true, though its author may now, perhaps, regard it as the out-pouring of an impatient idealist.—Yours, &c.

FREDERIC MACKARNES.

Temple, March 21st, 1911.

THE JEW IN MODERN LIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I thank you for the position you have taken up with regard to Lord Swaythling's will? Mr. Chesterton asks you "to give a more liberal consideration to the right of Jews." But this is an irrelevancy. The question at issue is not one specially concerning Jews; and all his wild talk about "the Jew who really works underground, who commands the sweat of Whitechapel and the blood of Spion Kop, who is a traitor in France and a tyrant in England," the "wealthy Semite" who "sits in the inmost chamber of the State" and "controls it by a million filaments of politics and finance"—all this fruit of the Chestertonian imagination is a mere red herring drawn across the line of your contention.

It would not have mattered to the question at issue had Lord Swaythling been an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, or a Baptist. The point is this: Is a father justified in using his position to coerce his children into the profession (it can be nothing more) of a phase of religion which they have outgrown? Mr. Chesterton's reply to this is that they are not coerced in the special case under consideration. They "retain complete spiritual liberty: the spiritual liberty to refuse the money." This is true in Chestertonese. A person offered the choice between Roman Catholicism and the rack would, in this sense, be free to reject Roman Catholicism; but those who are unversed in the Chestertonian dialect would call this a case of coercion. Undoubtedly, disinheritance, even of a daughter brought up in the lap of luxury, is a far lesser one; but it is still coercion. And the attempt to prevent freedom of choice in religion is undoubtedly one of the worst forms of tyranny. What hope is there for religious progress and the development of character in the direction of the highest ideal, which should be the practical outcome of religion, if every generation is manacled to the beliefs and ceremonial of the preceding one? What respect for rights of person can there be if this most sacred right of choosing one's own ideal and mode of worship be not free from invasion? A father is already in a most favorable position for influencing the religion of his children—a position so favorable that Horace Smith could say:—

"Religion is the mind's complexion,
Governed by birth, not self-election;
And the great mass of us adore,
Just as our fathers did before."

Is this not enough? Is not a father morally bound to concede to his sons and daughters, when they have grown up

to manhood and womanhood, full liberty of choice in religious matters? If not, let us hear what is the ground on which this can be assailed.

Least of all ought a Jew to assail it. Not only has his race suffered far more than any other from religious coercion, but the idea of revolt from the ancestral religion lies at the root of his faith. The patriarch Abraham, who is supposed to be the founder of that monotheism which the Jew regards as the central and essential element of his faith, was a rebel from the religion of his father, who, we are told, "served other gods" (Joshua, xxiv., 2). But Abraham's special merit was that he recognised that as the Highest which told him: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land I will show thee" (Genesis, xii., 1). But if this great exemplar of the Jewish religion, in his most exemplary act, did this, why should a much lesser deviation from the parental faith be visited by paternal punishment? Such deviation, I contend, should not be regarded as blamable by any high-minded parent. It may be a sacred duty, and is always so when the particular form of religion we forsake has ceased to embody our highest ideal. He who will not follow where his noblest conception of human life leads, or is too cribbed and cabined by a cast-iron creed to be able to do it, will never attain the supreme goal of a religious life, and he who places obstacles in the way of this, or attaches a penalty to it, is not only invading the most sacred part of the personality of his fellows, but is doing what in him lies to prevent the religious progress of mankind.

J. H. LEVY.

11, Abbeville Road, S.W.
March 22nd, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All Mr. Chesterton's vivacious dialectic cannot obscure the salient fact on which your paragraph commented—viz., that the late Lord Swaythling's will represents an attempt either to penalise certain members of his family for departing from his opinions, by partly disinheriting them, or to offer them an inducement, other than conviction, for conformity with those opinions. To the unprejudiced mind this is quite obviously a case of exercising undue and unfair pressure; and, whether such an attempt succeeds or fails, it is to be deplored that it should have been made.

Mr. Chesterton says, "The one thing, apparently, that you won't allow Jews to be is Jews." But to hinder a Jew from being a Jew is one thing; to express regret that he should use the financial lever for the purpose of preventing someone else from exercising his private judgment is quite another. But, of course, it is just the exercise of private judgment which Mr. Chesterton resents; and hence his sympathy with the endeavor to restrain that exercise.—Yours, &c.,

J. WARSCHAUER.

Horton Manse, Claremont,
Bradford, March 18th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I believe there are two cases in which a correspondent can claim further space: one is to correct a misprint, and the other to correct a definite and demonstrable mistake about his meaning. Doubtless through my fault, some strangely distorting mis-prints appeared in my letter last week. I wrote, not that "as he said the thing," but "as he saw the thing," unorthodoxy and inter-marriage seemed to Lord Swaythling mere apostasy. His heirs have a perfect right to say what they think essential to Judaism: but so had he. Again, I did not call the modified Ritschlianism "professional trifling," which would be a gross slander on its sincerity, and perhaps an excessive compliment to its economic value. I wrote "professorial trifling"; meaning that it was academic and donnish.

But I want also to protest against being summarised in your note as holding the exact opposite of what I really hold. You say I hold that a man must remain in the paddock where he was born. I don't hold this: and I have not said or done it. If I had remained in the paddock where

I was born, I should be in your paddock. I was brought up in your Modernism and New Theology; and I should not dream of such blasphemy against reason and freedom as to say that a man must stay in such a narrow corner. I never said that, if a man ceases to believe his creed, he must not quit it. What I said was that as long as he does believe it, I don't think the worse of him for acting on it. Some reflections upon Saul of Tarsus might be permitted here.

Now you want to do with religion exactly the ruinous thing we have already done with party politics. You want a "Conference": you want a meeting of "the moderate men on both sides." But my sympathies are with the honest Socialists against Mr. Asquith, and the honest Tariff Reformers against Mr. Balfour. And my sympathies are with the masses that really believe in the several creeds. I do not like your aristocracy of doubt. I think a Dervish dying on the bayonets is not only nearer to God, but nearer to Christianity, than a Young Turk talking in French or thinking in German. I think a poor Jew keeping the Feast of Tabernacles in Petticoat Lane is not only more Jewish, but more psychologically Christian than a rich Jew "extending the borders" of his mind, his income, and the British Empire all at once. And I complain that the modern mind permits men like Lord Swaythling to achieve economic omnipotence and hereditary sanctity, but denies them the rights of conscience. It allows Lord Swaythling to create a Jewish oligarchy. It only rebukes him for the one thing that may be shared by the Jewish democracy.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Overroads, Beaconsfield.
March 23rd, 1911.

[We should like to hear Mr. Chesterton develop the grounds of his religious preference for a "Dervish dying on the bayonets" to a "Young Turk talking in French." Is it that the Dervish is not, while the other is, a thinking human being?—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words by way of supplement to your note on Mr. Chesterton's letter. It is not of Lord Swaythling that I wish chiefly to speak, though I confess I am strongly in sympathy with your criticisms of his will. Like Lord Swaythling, I belong to the Conservative wing of Jewry; but it seems to me a strange Conservatism which ignores the historic pliability of Judaism, and the processes which govern it, and which flies in the face of the splendid tolerance of the Rabbis, who held that "the righteous of all creeds are entitled to salvation." To penalise righteousness—and no one can doubt the Jewish righteousness of Mr. Claude Montefiore and his lieutenants—is consequently not, as Mr. Chesterton says, "to bear witness to the God of Israel." Rather it is what the Jewish theologians call "a profanation of the Holy Name."

But this is not the only misunderstanding of Jewish matters in Mr. Chesterton's letter. I gather that he believes that the Jews are largely "monopolists and wire-pullers, war-makers and strife-breakers, buyers of national honors and sellers of national honor," that they wield an "international and largely secret power," that they "sit in the inmost chambers of the State, and control it by a million filaments of politics and finance," and more specifically that "the Jew commands the sweat of Whitechapel and the blood of Spion Kop, is a traitor in France and a tyrant in England." This is, in truth, a blood-curdling picture, and I do not wonder Mr. Chesterton is perturbed by it. Perhaps he will not be ungrateful to me if, as one who knows something of the Jewish community, I venture to assure him that it is nothing more than a bad dream.

There are, of course, wicked Jews, as there are wicked Christians; but I think very few of them would come under the fearsome categories recited by Mr. Chesterton, and then they would not cut a very imposing figure against their Gentile competitors. Do they "command the sweat of Whitechapel and the blood of Spion Kop"? The sweat of Whitechapel is chiefly Jewish sweat, and if I remember rightly, a goodly number of church-going Gentiles have been found among the sweaters. As for the "blood of Spion Kop," I remember that at least one gallant Jewish officer gave his life to it. Perhaps Mr. Chesterton means that the Jewish financial houses of the Rand made the war. Well, I don't believe

it, and I challenge him to give their names. But his most astonishing boogies are "the traitor in France and the tyrant in England." Who, in heaven's name, are they? There may be Jewish traitors in France. Treachery, as a witty Rabbi once said of the gallows, is not a Christian monopoly. But surely Mr. Chesterton must know that the only case in which an attempt was ever made to convict a French Jew of treachery was a ghastly failure, and one not over creditable to the "underground working" of certain high-placed military and clerical zealots of unimpeachable Christian orthodoxy. Then we have this horrible fee-fi-fo-fum about "the tyrant." Who is he? If you, sir, are craven enough to refuse to denounce him, is that any reason why Mr. Chesterton should hold his hand, why he should decline to save his oppressed country? Let us have his name and the catalogue of his misdeeds. I promise Mr. Chesterton that he shall not be alone in trying to undo the monster.

One word about the "international secret power" and the "million filaments of politics and finance." In my young days I often heard of this mysterious activity, and I confess it appealed to my romantic fancy and my racial sense. I am not sure that Lord Beaconsfield's early fiction was not responsible for it. Well, it happened in my maturer years that I was once called into the counsels of some of our millionaires in connection with the terrible persecution of the Jews by a certain reprobate but ostensibly Christian State. I suggested that my friends had access to the "inmost chamber of the State," that they had all the filaments and all the international influence of which Mr. Chesterton speaks, and that it ought to be the easiest thing in the world for them to bring about a European intervention and a Stock Exchange boycott. The imaginative faculty was not strong in those millionaires; but, after a good deal of arguing, they consented to make the experiment. At first everything went well: we actually won over the interest of a British Foreign Minister and an American Secretary of State, and they both circularised the Powers with exemplary energy. We made some of the biggest financial institutions in Europe understand that they would do wisely, as well as righteously, if they worked with us. And yet in the end the whole thing collapsed. There was no intervention and no boycott, and my unhappy co-religionists are in bondage to this day. The truth is that we were defeated by another secret international power, which happened to be a reality, in possession of all the filaments, and which was irreproachably Aryan and Christian. Of course, it is quite possible that Mr. Chesterton can tell another and equally authentic story. If he can, I wish he would. Dark hints and mysterious innuendoes are poor weapons against national perils; and may I say it does not argue a sense of fair play or a very high degree of courage and public spirit to limit oneself to them.—Yours, &c.,

15, Brunswick Square, W.C.
March 23rd, 1911.

LUCIEN WOLF.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not only by way of patronage and social barriers inside the Civil Service itself that our lower middle classes are being ousted from the better class of Civil Service appointments. From "Higher Division" appointments they have always been virtually excluded by the adoption of a scheme of examination specially framed on the somewhat narrow syllabus of the Oxford Honor Schools, with professors of the older Universities as examiners. Student Interpretations have recently been withdrawn from open competition. Up to three years ago the situations intermediate between them and the old "Lower Division" were generally filled by promotion from the ranks of those who had entered by the latter examination, but since then a system of "Intermediate" examinations has been interposed with age limits, 18 and 19½, and with subjects suitable for the boy who has remained at a good secondary or "public" school up to the age of eighteen. Posts requiring special aptitude, like those of assistant surveyors of taxes, were taken into the scheme, and more than a hundred appointments have been made to those situations in the last 2½ years under the new system. The new entrants were told by one Head of a Department that it was desired to obtain a better

"class" of candidate than had hitherto competed. It was found, however, that the best candidates of the Second Division were in many cases able to beat the public school boys at their own subjects by using the age extension of five years allowed to those already Civil Servants. The Treasury have, therefore, as from January 1st next, cut the five years down to one year, so that to stand a good chance of obtaining one of these appointments in future it will be necessary to pursue one's school education up to the age of eighteen.

It is a matter of common observation that the young men obtained by the new method are not proving themselves equal, either as clerks or in intellectual capacity, to those obtained by the previous examinations, in which accountancy, law of evidence and economics were obligatory subjects.—Yours, &c.,

OPEN COMPETITION.

March 23rd, 1911.

[We are obliged to hold over a letter from Mr. Harley and other communications.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE PRAYER.

"Many worlds have I made," said the Good God,
"But this is best of all,"
He slipped the round earth from His lap,
Space held the circling ball.

"Six days have I labored," said the Good God,
"To make it very fair,
And man and woman have I moulded fine,
Set them together there."

"Open ye night's windows," said the Good God,
"For I would hear them pray,"
Up from the spinning globe there came
Loud cries from far away.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,
"The chast'ning of my foe,
His vineyards grant me—his slaves and oxen,
So shall I lay him low."

"Give to me strange beauty," said the young maid,
"More fair than all to be,
So I anoint my body and go forth
To draw men's hearts to me."

"Behold! this is not good," said the Lord God,
"Nor made to My desire,"
Then cried His little Son, "I shall go forth,
To save them from Thine ire."

* * *

"Oh, reach ye down your arms," said the Good God
Unto the seraphim,
"Lift up the broken body of My child
For they have tortured Him."

"Open the windows of the night," said the Good God,
"For I would hear them weep,"
Up from the spinning world's tumultuous sound
Man's prayers imperious leap.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,
"My foe to bend and break,
Burst Thou his strongholds and his ships entomb,
So I my vengeance take."

"Give to me rare beauty," said the young maid,
"More fair than all to be,
So I in silk attire shall go forth
To draw men's souls to me."

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The World of Dreams." By Havelock Ellis. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of John Oliver Hobbes: Told in Her Correspondence, with a Biographical Sketch by Her Father, John Morgan Richards." (Murray. 12s. net.)

"The Income Tax: A Study of the History, Theory, and Practice of Income Taxation." By E. R. A. Seligman. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Seven Edwards of England." By K. A. Patmore. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France." By E. W. Rose and V. H. Francis. (Putnam's. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections; Being the Memories of a Young Man." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals: Confidences of a Collector of Ceramics and Antiques." Edited by Montague Guest. (Lane. 2 vols. 42s. net.)

"The Amazing Duchess: Being the Romantic History of Elizabeth Chudleigh." By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"The Street of To-day." By John Masefield. (Dent. 6s.)

"The Dweller on the Threshold." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Paris Pendant la Terreur." Par Pierre Caron. (Paris: Picard. 8fr.)

"La Démocratie Sociale devant les Idées Présentes." Par E. Antonelli. (Paris: Rivière. 3fr.)

"THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY," of which we gave some particulars last week, is likely to cause a good deal of stir in the world of books. We have more than once expressed our confidence in the future of the shilling volume, and a series of new works, like that now projected, inspired by knowledge of the latest research and critical thought, deserves the hearty welcome of all who wish to see the means of education brought within easy reach of the people. The promoters of the library are of opinion that "there is to-day for the first time, standing, as it were, outside the University gates, a great mass of men and women eagerly waiting for the good things of culture to be brought to them." The value of the series may be judged from the names of the contributors, some of which we are now able to make public. They include Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Herbert Fisher, Professor J. A. Thomson, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. F. W. Hirst, Mr. John Masefield, Sir Harry Johnston, Professor Bury, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Mr. G. H. Perris.

It is rather remarkable that three lengthy biographies of Laurence Sterne should appear within a space of three years. Professor Wilbur L. Cross's "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" was published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1909; last year Messrs. Williams and Norgate issued "Laurence Sterne: A Study," by Mr. Walter Sichel; and among Messrs. Stanley Paul's announcements for the present year there is "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne," by Mr. Lewis Melville. Mr. Melville's book will give the fullest collection of Sterne's letters yet printed, and will record several facts now brought to light for the first time.

LOVERS of light verse will be pleased to know that Messrs. Hutchinson are about to issue "Parodies, Old and New," a book which claims to be "the most extensive collection of poetical parodies available." The material to draw upon is large, but Mr. Stanley L. Adam, who edits the volume, has spent several years in making his collection and in deciding upon the verses to be included. The present generation has added considerably to our stock of light verse, and it is satisfactory to hear that a good proportion of copyright matter will appear in Mr. Adams's volume.

WE are glad to see that the firm of Champion have intrusted M. Louis Thomas with the task of editing Chateaubriand's correspondence. Such a work has long been required, for a great many of Chateaubriand's letters, both literary and political, are only accessible in back numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and other journals. The

arrangement of these in a collected edition is a duty which France owes to the man who, with all his posing affectation, was the greatest French man of letters of the nineteenth century.

THE University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge enjoy special privileges in regard to the printing of the English Bible, and it is right that they should take a lead in celebrating the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version. The Cambridge Press publishes, in five volumes, a reprint of the first issue of 1611, together with a list of the changes made in the second issue of the same year, edited by Mr. William Aldis Wright. Under the title of "The Hexaplar Psalter," Mr. Wright has also edited six English versions of the Book of Psalms—those of Coverdale (1535), the Great Bible (1539), the Geneva Version (1560), the Bishops' Bible (1568), the Authorised Version (1611), and the Revised Version (1881). The work is likely to be very useful to students, for all six versions are printed in parallel columns, and the differences between them can be noted at a glance. Finally, Dr. John Brown has written a small book, called "The History of the English Bible," which will be published immediately as one of the volumes in the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature."

THE Oxford Press are issuing two reprints of the Authorised Version. The first is a photographic facsimile in a slightly reduced size, with a bibliographical introduction by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard. In addition there are copies of a great number of documents, illustrative of the translation and publication of the English Bible during the years 1523 to 1611. The other is a smaller reprint, in Roman type, containing Mr. Pollard's introduction, but without the illustrative documents. These documents may, however, be had in a separate volume, bearing the title, "Records of the English Bible." Mr. Pollard thought that their publication "would be as appropriate a commemoration of the Tercentenary as could well be conceived." They certainly throw considerable light on the struggle that took place as to what Bible the English people should be allowed to use, and they emphasize, as Mr. Pollard says, the political importance attached to that struggle. The great value of literary celebrations is that an interest in the subject celebrated is fostered among general readers. The Tercentenary of the Authorised Version will prompt many people to look into the history of the translation which has done more than any other book to mould English literature and English speech.

"A HISTORY OF ENGLISH CRITICISM," by Professor Saintsbury, is to be published by Messrs. Blackwood. The book will be in one volume and is intended for readers who wish to have a work of moderate compass dealing with English criticism. It is quite independent of Professor Saintsbury's general "History of Criticism," in three volumes, which was completed seven years ago.

THE first of the Moncur D. Conway Lectures was given last week by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, at the South Place Institute. Its subject was "Peace and War in the Balance," and it will be published shortly in a small volume by Messrs. Watts.

MR. HEINEMANN has in the press a biography of John Gibson, the sculptor, which has been edited and arranged by Mr. T. W. Matthews. Gibson, who was the first Englishman to introduce color on his statues, was the son of a market gardener, and owed his success largely to the help given him by William Roscoe and Canova. There exists a "Life of Gibson," by Lady Eastlake, but the coming work claims to be the first authoritative biography of the great sculptor. It contains the whole of the document known as his "Autobiography," which is published for the first time, together with many fresh letters and documents.

A TRANSLATION of Count von Hoensbroech's "Fourteen Years a Jesuit," is to be published by Messrs. Cassell. Count von Hoensbroech was educated at the Jesuit school of Feldkirch, and afterwards at Stonyhurst, and his book contains severe criticisms of both these institutions. In the account given of the author's life from his novitiate to his departure from the Order, many notable Roman Catholic figures are introduced, while the Jesuit system of education and moral training is described and unsparingly condemned.

Reviews.

ASTRINGENT JOY.*

It is just two years since John Synge died, and in writing of his small collection of lyrics eighteen months ago, we dwelt especially upon the note of rebellion in them. They marked, we thought, a revolt from the legendary or visionary themes that had occupied recent Irish poets for the most part. We called them a wilful return to common, or even brutish, life. John Synge appeared to us to have felt that imagination among the band of his compatriots was becoming a little thin—a little too misty and impalpable in symbolism. The sweet fairy verse was, perhaps, growing too sweet, or even a little wearisome in its regretful tenderness; and to dispel the deadly blight of prettiness that often arises when poetry stands aloof from sharp reality, he introduced into his country's literature a certain harshness, a touch of grim brutality, that is sometimes needed to make tenderness ring true, and to recall exaltation from inanity. As illustration, we quoted some verses called "The Passing of the Shee," in which Synge expressed his feeling after the sight of a picture by A. E., that true lyric poet and visionary artist:—

"Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
That poets played with hand in hand
To learn their ecstasy.

We'll stretch in Red Dan Sully's ditch,
And drink in Tubber fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare."

This return to the sharp and harsh realities of life was, we think, Synge's great service, and it forms the distinction of his work. As Mr. Yeats has said of him, there was in all he did an "astringent joy and hardness." Mr. Yeats also tells us that the strength which made Synge delight in setting the hard virtues by the soft, the bitter by the sweet, salt by mercury, the stone by the elixir, gave him a hunger for harsh facts, for ugly, surprising things, for all that defies our hope. To the same purpose, Synge himself, a few months before his death, wrote to Mr. Yeats:—

"As there has been a false 'poetic diction,' so there has been, and is, a false 'poetic material': if verse is to remain a living thing it must be occupied, when it likes, with the whole of a poet's life and experience, as it was with Villon and Herrick and Burns; for though exalted verse may be the highest, it cannot keep its power unless there is more essentially vital verse—not necessarily written by the same man—at the side of it."

And, finally, we may take the following passages from Synge's own preface to his lyrics:—

"The poetry of exaltation will be always the highest, but when men lose their poetic feeling for ordinary life, and cannot write poetry of ordinary things, their exalted poetry is likely to lose its strength of exaltation, in the way men cease to build beautiful churches when they have lost happiness in building shops."

"Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept successful by itself, the strong things of life are needed in poetry also, to show that what is exalted, or tender, is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal."

There we have the theory which guided Synge in his deliberate choice; or, as we ought rather to say, the theory by which he explained his natural choice long after it was made. This hunger for harsh facts, this resolve to show that exaltation and tenderness do not come of feeble blood, and this desire for any brutality rather than prettiness were the essential characteristics of Synge's nature. Even if he had been unable to defend them by theory, he could not have escaped them, any more than Wordsworth could have escaped his sense for the grandeur of nature's life, and the immensity of daily issues and ordinary passions, even though he had never dreamt of the theories in his prefaces. In his revolt against poetic habit, Synge may, indeed, be compared with Wordsworth; although he never reached Wordsworth's strength and exaltation, or even his perception of the poignancy in common things.

And now we have before us these beautiful volumes of Synge's completed works—the works of a true and serious

* "The Works of John Synge." Dublin: Maunsell. 4 vols. 24s. net.

poet, who died at the age so often fatal to genius, just when his genius was mature. The sum is six plays (three of them quite short), a handful of lyrics, a few prose translations from Petrarch and Villon, an excellent volume descriptive of common life on remote Irish islands, and a volume of short sketches, chiefly descriptive of Irish life also. In his treatment of all these subjects the natural quality of his mind is shown. And so it is in his choice of the subjects, except, perhaps, the "Deirdre," and the translations from Petrarch, whose artificial nature was entirely opposed to Synge's. The "Deirdre of the Sorrows" we are inclined to regret. We know we are heretical, for the play has received the highest praise from excellent judges. We recognise the beauty in it also, and we do not forget that it never received Synge's final revision, which was always very careful. But the subject was not Synge's, and he was unable to treat it in accordance with his true nature. It was imposed upon him by his surroundings. He seems to have caught it from the infection of the Dublin poets—a fine school of poetry, far the most distinctive in the poetry of the last twenty years; but exactly the school against which Synge was born to revolt. Perhaps the perpetual talk about Irish legends and mythology—the Shee, the Banshee, Tirnanog, Cuchullain, Conobar, and Finn—bewildered or overwhelmed him. Perhaps he feared that unless he wrote a play or poem on Deirdre he would not be counted as an Irish poet. Anyhow, the choice was made, and we feel Synge striving to follow his own nature in the treatment of it. He constantly tries for the harsh vitality, the rather brutal strength that was his delight. Take from one single page in the second act, the expressions, "Conobar's a wrinkled fool with a swelling belly on him, and eyes falling downward from his shining crown"; "It's a poor thing to be so lonesome, you'd squeeze kisses on a cur dog's nose"; "Queens get old, Deirdre, with their white and long arms going from them, and their backs hooping. I tell you it's a poor thing to see a queen's nose reaching down to scrape her chin."

He did his best with that haunting dream of Deirdre and the sons of Usnach, but he could not get himself into it. And so, to our mind, the play does not escape falsity. There is a sense of artifice and affectation about it, and the main thread of sentiment that forms the motive for Deirdre's fatal return to Ireland, appears to us modern and self-conscious. Take only two brief instances from Deirdre's own words:—

"Isn't it a better thing to be following on to a near death, than to be bending the head down, and dragging with the feet, and seeing one day a blight showing upon love where it is sweet and tender?"

"It is my wish" (to return to almost certain death in Ireland). "It may be I will not have Naisi" (her lover) "growing an old man in Alban with an old woman at his side, and young girls pointing out and saying, 'that is Deirdre and Naisi that had great beauty in their youth.'"

We believe this motive to be false to Synge's nature, because it is an intrusion of a rather soft and affected piece of modern sentiment. Even if traces of it are found in the old legend, we should think the same. What affectation there may have been in Synge drew him to the side of harsh vitality and a rather cruel scorn of mankind's ordinary sentiments, as we see in "The Playboy," "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," and "The Tinker's Wedding." In "Riders to the Sea," which we consider his most perfect work, though "The Playboy" is his greatest, there is no affectation on either side. Everything is clean cut, true, and hard.

It was in these stories of actual, contemporary life, as it is still lived in Ireland, that Synge found the material exactly suited to his genius. It is remarkable how in reading his account of the Aran Islands one comes time after time upon the germs of his plays. Take passages distinctly showing the origins of "The Playboy" and "Riders to the Sea":—

"He often tells me about a Connaught man who killed his father with the blow of a spade when he was in a passion, and then fled to this island and threw himself on the mercy of some of the natives with whom he was said to be related. . . . Such a man, they say, will be quiet all the rest of his life, and if you suggest that punishment is needed as an example, they ask, 'Would anyone kill his father if he was able to help it?'"

"Before he went out on the sea that day his dog came up and sat beside him on the rocks, and began crying. When the horses were coming down to the slip an old woman saw her

son, that was drowned a while ago, riding on one of them. She didn't say what she was after seeing, and this man caught the horse; he caught his own horse first, and then he caught this one, and after that he went out and was drowned."

Similarly, on pages 42 to 46 the origin of "The Shadow of the Glen" is given in almost exactly the form that the play follows. It was through the medium of such scenes that Synge was able most truly to express his own nature—his rich and rather terrible humor, his sense of the tragedy in common life, his delight in powerful language and vital idiom, his stringent joy and hardness.

A CRITIC OF HEDONISM.*

It is one of the paradoxes of life that the deepest impulses are the obscurest, and the strongest motives the most elusive. We do not know—or know but imperfectly—why we act, and why we ought to act. Our accounts, both of our motives and of our ideals, are always inadequate; and this is as true of philosophers as of other men. The hedonist lives laborious days; the moralist is a glutton or a drunkard; the man who professes selfishness risks his life to save another's; the champion of universal philanthropy makes his home a hell. The inner life is more complex than our jaunty formulations, and its stresses more urgent and significant than the ends to which we try to subordinate them. We are engaged in a process which is unfolding itself from within outwards; and we can only appraise the process as far as it has gone. There is a purpose, we believe; but we mistrust definitions of it, as much as we mistrust denials of it. Not that the definitions are simply false, but they are only partly true; and the completer truth can only be discovered as it unfolds itself in life.

The position thus indicated appears, at bottom, to be that of Mr. Benett in his interesting and suggestive book, "Justice and Happiness." Evolution has an end, and its end is ours; but the end is unknown. Our ideals are imperfect and transitory; but they are steps in the discovery of the true ideal. For that reason they are, and ought to be, various and conflicting, for conflict is the condition of discovery and realisation. Thus, of proximate ends, freedom is the most important, for only in freedom is experiment possible. Happiness, on the other hand, is not an end at all. It is not, even in this life, a result of right action. It is a kind of accident, whether it be present or no; and the best men are often the most unhappy.

The "Greatest Happiness" principle, then, is false; it is also, in Mr. Benett's view, pernicious. It leads logically, and is leading actually, to the perversion of education, the disappearance of patriotism, and the destruction of the family. For Benthamism Mr. Benett has no good word. That great and imposing series of legal, administrative, and political reforms which marked the first half of the nineteenth century, and which is directly traceable to the influence of the Utilitarian School, he passes by in silence. If it had not been for Bentham, we should, perhaps, still have been sentencing small children to death for stealing a lump of putty, and manning the Army and the Civil Service with the incompetent relations of our aristocracy. No matter! In the Greatest Happiness principle, Mr. Benett sees nothing but a principle of anarchy. It ought to produce nothing but evil; therefore, it has done so in fact. But this is a logic and a psychology too absolute and too simple for the facts. In his rejection of Happiness as the ultimate end Mr. Benett has the support of all men of profound ethical insight. But it does not follow that in practice hedonism leads only to bad consequences, nor the profounder view only to good ones. Epicurus was a good man, Torquemada a bad one. J. S. Mill, many think, was a better man than Carlyle, though Carlyle's ethical philosophy was truer. The goodness or badness of men and of nations does not depend directly on their principles; it depends on their insight and intuitions about particular acts and particular policies. A principle may be useful to defend or attack these, but it is seldom the ground on which really they are adopted or repudiated. Thus Mr. Benett's juster sense of the basis of ethics does not involve a greater truth in his particular judgments.

* "Justice and Happiness." By W. Benett. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

For example, he is quite clear that patriotism is a good attitude, and cosmopolitanism is a bad one. His reason is that patriotism conduces to national independence and that this is a form of freedom and, therefore, good. But, clearly, patriotism conduces just as much to aggression upon independence. Or were those who supported the Boer War not patriots, in Mr. Benett's judgment? It is, no doubt, desirable to preserve national independence; but the best way of doing this is to cultivate that general understanding and sympathy among nations, which will make it impossible that any of them shall threaten the independence of another. And that is, precisely, cosmopolitanism. Patriotism, in practice, prompts to aggression no less than to defence. And the hedonists, so far as they are cosmopolitans, are led by their principle to sounder conclusions than those which others have drawn from the principle of freedom.

Again, in the whole movement which is modifying the relations of husband to wife and parent to child, Mr. Benett sees nothing but disintegration. "If a man thinks he will be happier free, and his wife consents, let him put her away, and the community will be enriched by one more happy couple. If he finds it irksome to support his children, or his children to honor and obey him, let each neglect the other: in short, let everyone do as he likes, and all will be happy" (p. 107). This is a mere parody, and a splenetic one. Mr. Benett apparently regards the monogamic family as ultimate and sacrosanct. But why? and in what phase of its development? These absolute positions are difficult to reconcile with an evolutionary philosophy. Nothing but patient, impartial, and detailed investigation of the real facts can enable us to arrive at any sound conclusion on such vital points as facility of divorce or the position of the Public Authority as "Over-Parent." Such investigations, it must be admitted, have been inspired and practised mainly by adherents of the Greatest Happiness principle. It is, in fact, precisely the merit of that school that it has insisted on inquiring into the real working of institutions which other schools have treated as beyond question. Hedonists have never been obscurantists; and that is more than can be said of any other philosophic sect.

Being thus opposed to the whole modern movement, Mr. Benett is naturally opposed to Socialism. But he has a very inadequate notion of what Socialism is. To him it is a system of equal property, which, oddly enough, he thinks is the same as no property; and it involves the destruction of ambition and the negation of freedom. There are, of course, tendencies in the Socialist movement which make in this direction; but to identify Socialism with them and then to dismiss it, is to make no serious contribution to the subject. What Socialism means must be ascertained from the details of its criticism and its action; for, like all great movements, as it grows it changes. To Mr. Benett, in his simplifying method, there are two systems of property—one that of equality, the other that of proportion to merit; and the true—or just—system is a compromise between them. But this tells us little or nothing. The whole criticism of property depends upon distinguishing its sources; upon the economic analysis of rent and interest and profit and wages; upon the differentiation between what is earned and what is not earned. It is exactly the aim of Socialism, on the economic side, to guarantee the property that is earned to the people who earn it, and to prevent them from acquiring what they do not earn. To what extent this is practicable without undue interference with production or with other important social factors, is the problem before us. And summarily to define and dismiss Socialism as a system of equality and slavery is to contribute nothing to the purpose.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Benett, although professedly an evolutionist, has the temperament of a philosopher of the Absolute. Certain institutions, certain ways of conduct to him are beyond question; and they are precisely those which our Society is questioning. Necessarily, then, he regards the whole modern movement as one of decadence. These conclusions, however, do not follow from his premisses. They are the products of his personal bias, and, as it would appear, of an inadequate study of the actual structure and working of modern society. Mr. Benett's ethical philosophy is truer than that of J. S. Mill, or of Karl Marx, or of Mr. Sidney Webb; but any of them would be a better and more informing guide to social policy.

THE ADMIRABLE MR. SMALLEY.*

THE late Mr. Toole, in one of his irrepressible and delightful gags at the Gaiety, threw across the footlights a solemn whisper concerning his familiarity with the mansions "of the wealthy and the great." Across the Atlantic, Mr. Smalley hands us a big budget of stories bearing on these same abodes of the blessed. Mr. Smalley (is the information needed?) is a very distinguished American journalist who resided many years in England. He became a part of English society. He was intimate with this society in a degree in which very few professional English journalists have ever been. At the age of seventy-eight (so at least "Who's Who" declares, but we can scarcely credit it) he summons to the sessions of thought his large remembrance of things past, and no one of whom he writes should wince at a word that is set down; for, though there is gossip, and plenty of it in these "Memories," nothing is either mean or little; and it is not so much with the gossip as with the finished and incisive sketches of character that many readers will be charmed. The tone of the whole book is admirable: the expression of a shrewd and independent, but generous and loyal mind. It explains how the writer—a stranger and a newspaper man—came to be passed into, and dwell easily in, the very shrines of political and social England. There is a portrait of Mr. Smalley as frontispiece. It is a strong face, and a certain homeliness shines in it that somehow looks a little Irish.

The late King Edward, on his varied social occasions, came often, of course, into contact with representative English journalists. His courtesy to them was sometimes very marked; but the most powerful of journalists could be made to feel his personal displeasure. The writer recalls an incident (never reported) at a semi-public function—an incident which, albeit not a word was spoken, froze the handful of spectators mute; but, his large (though careful) friendliness notwithstanding, an instance is not known of confidential passages between King Edward and an English journalist, actively pursuing his journalistic business. The King's sincere regard for Howard Russell is a case which, for sundry reasons, does not exactly meet the point. The American pressman was evidently on a quite exceptional footing. Thus Mr. Smalley tells us:—

"When I was leaving England in 1895 for America, the Prince gave me his cipher address, and asked me to cable him as often as there was news I thought might interest him. That may serve to show us Americans how much he cared for American matters, and how completely he returned the goodwill we have always borne him since his visit to the United States in 1860. I told the Prince my first duty was to the 'Times,' since I was going home as their correspondent. Subject to that I should be glad to send him what I could. The difference of time was such that he might well enough get a dispatch before midnight at Marlborough House which could not appear in print till next morning. 'But you know that's just what I should like,' said the Prince."

As Mr. Smalley says, this showed the Prince's interest in America; but it showed, no less, his confidence in Mr. Smalley.

It is plain that, in these circumstances, the representative in England of the New York "Tribune" would have the open *sesame* to every door. Not as reporter, but as bidden guest, does Mr. Smalley travel with joy to the country mansions of the wealthy and the great. He goes down for a week-end to "Mr. Ralli's beautiful place in Sussex," Lord Kitchener and the late Lord Glenesk being of the party in the saloon carriage. It was shortly after Khartoum, and at every station there were crowds to cheer Lord Kitchener, who "sat in a corner, buried in a rough grey overcoat, silent and bored." At Guildford the express stopped, and Lord Glenesk told the hero of Khartoum that he really must show himself.

"So Lord Kitchener rose with an ill-grace, walked to one of the open doors of the saloon, raised his hand with a swift military jerk to his bowler, and retreated."

At this time, says Mr. Smalley, Lord Kitchener was brooding over his Gordon College scheme for Khartoum. He wanted £100,000, was doubtful about getting it, and disliked the notion of a public appeal. At dinner, one of the company said:—

"Well, Lord Kitchener, if you had doubted about your campaign as you do about this, you would never have got to Khartoum."

* "Anglo-American Memories." By George W. Smalley, M.A. Duckworth. 12s. 6d. net.

"His face hardened, and his reply was characteristic of the man:

"Perhaps not; but then I could depend on myself, and now I have to depend on the British public."

However, as we know, Lord Kitchener did ask the public, and got all and more than he wanted.

On another occasion, at a luncheon party, the conversation was political. Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, and Archibald Forbes were discussing India. Forbes had recently been to India, and Lord Randolph observed: "Yes, you have been to India; but, from what you say, I shouldn't suppose you knew where it was." Then Forbes: "Yes, you have ruled India; but the real India is a sealed book to you." Presently Mr. Chamberlain took a hand, remarking that he thought the hope for India lay in the new Civil Service. Lord Randolph would have none of this; India must be governed by "gentlemen," as once it had been.

"Whereas now"—looking steadily at Chamberlain—"instead of gentlemen you get men from—Birmingham and God knows where."

A few minutes later the combatants were walking upstairs arm-in-arm.

Sir George Lewis, who "carried the art of compromise to its highest point," is the subject of another life-like sketch, and there is this reference to a famous bonfire:—

"Sleeping for half a century, or only for years and months, in the black japanned tin boxes which lined the walls in Ely Place, and in his safes, were papers enough to compromise half London and scandalise the other half. Sir George, reflecting some years ago on this state of things, looked through the collection, and then burnt the whole . . . It is almost as if the tragedies of which all record was thus destroyed had never happened."

How many ornaments of the world drew freer breath, learning of this holocaust?

Abroad, as at home, the great Yankee journalist seems to have had a most uncommon way with him. Who but he got "copy" by the column out of Bismarck? In 1866, after Sadowa, Mr. Smalley had an exhaustive talk with the Chancellor at his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse. "Of the King"—the old King William—"he spoke with astonishing freedom, yet never a word to injure the sovereign whom he served." At the close of the interview:—

"I said to Count Bismarck as I left that he knew he had been talking to a journalist, and yet had said many things he could not wish made known to the public. He laughed, and answered, 'Well, it is your business to distinguish.'"

For Mr. Smalley's American pieces we must direct the reader to his book, merely observing that even on this side the Atlantic they will nearly all be found of interest. He knew Emerson. He remembers that one American slave—the poor fugitive, Anthony Burns—whose name has passed into history. He was intimate with Wendell Phillips, and ranks him far higher as a force in the anti-slavery agitation than William Lloyd Garrison. He was in the Civil War—an experience that was afterwards immensely valuable.

This was when, in London, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian campaign, he organised and cabled, at appalling cost, the news from the seat of war to the office of the "Tribune," in New York. In journalism pure and simple (as distinguished, for example, from the literary journalism that made Russell's fame in the Crimea), this was probably Mr. Smalley's best achievement. His description of how Holt White brought the tidings of Sedan, and how they reached the "Tribune," will be classed, we think, with the few still living contributions to the history of the newspaper press.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE immense variety of subject matter contained within this province is reflected in an equal variety of treatment. From biographical sketches of the medieval "Fugger" family, or the modern American philanthropist "Samuel Gridley Howe," we rise through many grades of abstraction to such lofty general terms as "Government," "Finance," or "Charity." It might seem that each widening of scope in subject matter would be reflected in a corresponding fullness of treatment. But this is not the case, usually for

* "The Encyclopædia Britannica." 11th Edition. Cambridge University Press.

good reasons. In the first place, a fairly thorough piecemeal treatment has usually disposed of the more important parts before they come to be assembled under their largest head. So, for instance, the huge and intricate matter of "Finance" can be dealt with in some five pages of mainly historical exposition, because it has been under-pinned by special theses upon such subjects as "Taxation," "Income Tax," "National Debt," and "English Finance." Similarly in the case of "Government," most of its rich contrasts have been taken out at some stage of middle concepts, leaving little but a broad classification of forms for the crowning article.

But there is, perhaps, another equally good reason why the fullest and longest articles deal with subject-heads of middling rather than of widest scope. For though no precise limits can be set on such a work as this, so as to exclude controversies (which often, indeed, rank as important current facts), it is evident that its worth must mainly depend upon the compendious summaries of accepted knowledge which it presents, and that, for reasons of space if for no other, even impartial statements of controversial topics must be kept subordinate. This serviceable rule has generally been observed even where, as is quite proper, a subject capable of controversial handling has been intrusted to a specialist known to be strongly committed to a particular view. Such distinctively inflammable topics, political and economic, as "Anarchism" and "Bimetallism" are set forth in a thoroughly scientific and impartial manner, though the latter is accorded space somewhat short of its deserts.

There are, however, among the principal articles two important exceptions to this rule. The author of the long article "Economics," signing himself W.A.S.H., devotes a large proportion of his space to an argumentative disparagement of the worth of "classical political economy" and of the utility and validity of "general theory." It is true that, after asserting that "Modern economic criticism and analysis has destroyed the authority of the 'Old Political Economy' as a system," we have a perfunctory admission that some general intellectual theory is required, though no intelligible method of attaining it is indicated. The whole article is a special plea for the original and separate investigation of particular sets of facts and the problems related to them by historical and statistical research. Now, while it may be legitimate in such an article to call attention to the destructive criticism that has in recent times been directed against the too hastily built structure of concepts and propositions which culminated in J. S. Mill's "Principles," to assign so much space to the display of its deficiencies in a necessarily brief discussion of so large a theme is most unprofitable. Nor is it fair to give no more than a passing word of recognition to the really great and valuable work done by thinkers in this country, in America and Austria, in repairing these deficiencies, and in constructing an intellectual organon competent for some, though not all, of the tasks imposed by the new problems of industry and statecraft. A bare mention of Marshall's textbook gives no adequate indication of the constructive work upon general theory done recently in England, while the naming of Hadley's "Economics" as the only American book deserving mention is a quite discreditable exhibition of ignorance or perversity. Much of the modern work may not indeed possess the degree of importance attached to it by teachers in the English and American Universities, but it is not open to the contemptuous neglect with which W.A.S.H. here dismisses it. Nor in a really comprehensive essay upon economic science ought no reference to be made to working-class theories and studies which, though never winning the same measure of authority, have sprung up side by side with the classical and academic theories. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, as one reads the sort of reasoning by which "general theory" is assailed, that the writer is against general theory because it runs counter to some practical propagandism on which his heart is set. This feeling ought not to be given in a scientific article. Still more flagrant is the fault in the article "Free Trade." To select out of the whole range of economists to write this article the one whose writings have shown least comprehension of the Free Trade position, and whose partizanship has been most avowed and most vehement, is surely the strangest editorial aberration. The writer's representation of Free Trade as a purely cosmopolitan economy against which the reviving "nationalism"

of modern times naturally and properly rebels, is one of those crude fallacies which have been exposed *ad nauseam* during the controversy of the last eight years. But the whole of the article is a hardly disguised Tariff Reform pamphlet, concluded by an exceedingly inadequate Bibliography. Such an article is damaging to the Encyclopædia regarded as a sober work of learning.

Fortunately these acts of indiscretion are rare. Though in a few instances a subject is not treated with the fulness it deserves (as for example the heading "Census"), upon the whole, great wisdom has been displayed, both in assigning subjects to fit writers and in apportioning the space. In a few cases, where the subject deserves it, we have what must be regarded as a fairly exhaustive treatise. Notable examples are "Insurance" and "Co-operation," both admirably handled by writers of full and orderly minds, familiar with all the details of their subject. In one case we think this thoroughness is overdone. "Charity" is allotted no fewer than twenty-six pages. Some of the historical erudition here displayed might have been well dispensed with, if it had allowed more justice to be done to "Crime" and "Criminology," whose treatment is utterly inadequate, occupying together no more than about seven columns. A very valuable article on "Housing" attains in treatment, as in space, the golden mean.

Politicians may turn just now with interest to a thoroughly informed article on "Admiralty Administration," where they will find a very nice account of the relations between the first lord, the first and second naval lords, the additional naval lord and controller, the junior naval lord and the civil lord, the parliamentary and financial secretary, and the permanent secretary. When they have finished their perusal, they will cease to wonder at the difficulty in fixing precisely the degree and place of the responsibility of the expensive operations they are asked to sanction. There occurs, however, one particularly serviceable hint. "Two conditions primarily rule the determination as to the strength of the navy. They are the foreign policy of the Cabinet, and, on the ground of practical expediency, the amount of money available." "The estimates and strength of the navy," said Rear-Admiral Hotham before the Select Committee on the Navy Estimates, 1888, "are matters for the Cabinet to determine."

One instance alone of duplication, or at least of needless overlapping, occurs. The article "Book-keeping" could surely have been merged in "Accountant," for the latter is expressly defined as "an expert in the science of book-keeping."

MR. GALSWORTHY'S NEW PHASE.*

It is not generally difficult to tell from Mr. Galsworthy's works where his sympathies lie and what are his own opinions. Although in his most critical psychological paragraphs he seldom expresses opinions directly, we are not at a loss to know what are his personal views of the Man of Property, or the Country Gentleman, or the Island Pharisee; and his plays are even more emphatically the judgments of Mr. Galsworthy about the relations between classes, or about the justness of "justice." His air of detachment is an artistic device, not a matter of divine indifference; and, for the most part, his method of achieving his always serious purpose has been that of *reductio ad absurdum*. To make the squire talk, and then to explain just what is going on in his head, or to express his creed in the baldness of generalisation, is a better way of showing him up than to pour upon him vituperation. To present benevolent administrators of the law mechanically and involuntarily hounding to death a well-disposed weakling is an effective way of exposing mechanical justice to the condemnation of ridicule.

But though it is comparatively easy to make up our minds about "The Patrician," it is not so easy to make up our minds about Mr. Galsworthy—in his new phase. For here he at length abandons the destructive-critical vein, and embarks upon something suspiciously like reconstruction. Apart from his hero—in whom the difficulty centres—and his heroines, who are individuals—non-sociological and non-contentious—there are many minor persons whom, at one time, he would have castigated; but who now receive mer-

* "The Patrician." By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

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ciful and even tender treatment. We can well imagine how, five years ago, he would have treated Lord Valleys, the aristocrat with his acres and his feudal traditions, his family, his dependents, and his sinecure in the Cabinet. But now Lord Valleys has become a very likeable person. He has a sound, working common-sense. If he has no imagination, he has at least practicability. "He knew what the people wanted better than those who prated on the subject." And if he believes that he is, by virtue of his tradition and training, "the best machinery through which the State can work to secure the welfare of the people," it seems even to be hinted that his belief is not entirely unjustified.

Lady Valleys, too, is a sensible and companionable woman. Lord Dennis, who has spent a long life in angling and doing nothing, is nevertheless so wise, observant, kindly, and prescient, that we never fail to be delighted by him. In old Lady Casterley there is not a little of the traditional, falconish aristocrat; but we cannot but admire her quickness of insight, her composure, her determined activity, and even her unswerving Toryism. The point about these, who are minor persons, is that, though they are average types, representative of their class, they are treated without cruelty, without any bitterness of satire, as persons pleasant enough, and, in their way, even admirable.

But in Lord Miltoun—Lord Valleys' eldest son—we have a character which the author describes with intense earnestness. Miltoun is the "patrician" in his ideal form. We are told that "his eyes, his gestures—the whole man—proclaimed the presence of some secret spring of certainty, some fundamental well, into which no disturbing glimmers penetrated." He has thought out with consistency his personal and political philosophy. He has subjected himself rigidly to the discipline of religion and ethics, and has become convinced of his own "capacity for leadership," his "spiritual superiority to those whom he desired to benefit." The ideal of Liberty to him means nothing; he himself conforms to authority, and it is because he knows how to conform that he has the right to exercise authority. As he walks through the streets of London with Courtier—the restless, enthusiastic, picturesque champion of Liberty and lost causes—Miltoun comments on the order of the crowd.

"See the figure of that policeman! Running through all the good behaviour of this crowd, however safe and free it looks, there is, there always must be, a central force holding it together. Where does that central force come from? From the crowd itself, you say. I answer: No. Look back at the origin of human States. From the beginnings of things, the best man has been the unconscious medium of authority, of the controlling principle, of the divine force; he felt that power within him—physical, at first—he used it to take the lead, he has held the lead ever since, he must always hold it. All your processes of election, your so-called democratic apparatus, are only a blind to the inquiring, a sop to the hungry, a salve to the pride of the rebellious. They are merely surface machinery, they cannot prevent the best man from coming to the top; for the best man stands nearest to the Deity, and is the first to receive the waves that come from him."

Passing over for the moment this argument and the cheerful *non sequitur* that the man who "stands nearest to the Deity" is necessarily the man who "comes to the top," we shall see that the actions of Miltoun himself are not quite those required of the ideal leader, as conceived by himself. The story turns on the struggle within him between the claims of passion and the claims of his conscience and public honor. When he first finds out that Mrs. Noel is not free to marry him he leaves her at once. But his eager, ingenuous sister Barbara, in a sudden flight of maidenly instinct, is instrumental in bringing Mrs. Noel to nurse Miltoun through his illness. Miltoun recovers, and finds himself torn between his love for Mrs. Noel and his Parliamentary career. He believes in obedience, not in liberty. "How can I," is the question he asks himself, "living in defiance of authority, pretend to authority over my fellows?" He cannot, as his father and his relatives entreat him to do, "make a reasonable compromise with his conscience." In fact, he falls exactly into the position hinted at by Courtier; he is seeking "to have it both ways," in keeping both his conscience and his love. He decides against his public career, against his training, against his religion, morality, and personal ethics, and in favor of his love and public honor; he decides to resign from public life.

He is saved, not by himself, but by the woman. In one of those subtle scenes between two women, which Mr. Galsworthy can so skilfully contrive, Lady Casterley again

descends and flings herself against the strange eloquent reserve of Mrs. Noel, who has already resolved to save Miltoun from himself. It is all perfectly natural and perfectly human, affording, though Mr. Galsworthy himself scarcely seems conscious of it, the most complete refutation of Miltoun's philosophy. If we grant that his view of morals and public life was right, that it is such men as himself, having within them the "secret spring of certainty, some fundamental well, into which no disturbing glimmers penetrated," who are born to lead and rule, then surely he would have only proved his fitness by renouncing his love. But it was his love who renounced him; it is to her credit, not his, that he resumes his public career with honor unstained. Far be it from us to blame him; and it is pleasing to find that Mr. Galsworthy's human sympathies prove stronger than Miltoun's aristocratic creed. Miltoun looked round on the crowd of average men and found they looked "soft, soggy, without pride or will, as though they knew that life was too much for them, and had shamefully accepted the fact." What he had not realised was that, if you put on the pressure too severely, life is too much for everyone; it was the pressure of poverty in the case of these persons whom he despised; it was the pressure of love in his own case; and Mr. Galsworthy hardly seems to see that this pressure brought out something soft and soggy even in Miltoun, thus showing that he has told his story even better than he knew.

Without suggesting that the author would identify himself with the views of Miltoun, it is at least evident that he has considerably modified his own earlier opinions. Now, at any rate, he is in favor of giving weight to tradition, training, and even, to some extent, to that sort of public school honor which, a mere code in the average man, becomes a considered ideal in his natural aristocrat. The "great man" theory of social progress is, indeed, one which unites the best conceptions of democracy and aristocracy. But it is evident that Mr. Galsworthy, though he guards himself against the meaning of hereditary "best," thinks that men trained in a certain way are the most likely to prove aristocrats by nature; and that he does not perceive that superiority of brain, talent, good intentions, and honor are not sufficient for good rule; that there must be added that specialised sympathy which comes from direct experience—that sort of sympathy which should always be implied by "representation," and is the essential of democracy.

But whatever may be said about the political philosophy of this book, there can be no question about its excellence as a novel. For the most part, he confines himself rigidly within the limits of his subject. At times he expands in a vein hitherto rare with him, and indulges an almost lyrical mood of passion and enthusiasm. The physical vehemence of Barbara—who would fain try her wings in flight—the intense passion of Miltoun, and the no less intense passion of the reticent Mrs. Noel, find an adequate setting amid the crags of Dartmoor and the otherwise luminous streets of London. In more ways than one we feel that Mr. Galsworthy has made a new departure in this admirable novel.

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inordinate pushing, disillusionment, and graceless shifts; but human nature is infinitely squeezable in good directions as well as in bad, and the good often comes uppermost in the crises, when greed and craft have combined to ring the last scene down. The analysis of Hillier's feelings when he is jilted by Bella Woodward for an elderly man who can keep a wife in luxurious style is altogether admirable, and the irony of time's revenge on the woman is capitably led up to and worked out. Mr. Merrick's style is French in its light and clear subtlety, but there is a little thinness of body in the brand he uncorks.

"The Mountain of God" is one of those spiced, cosmopolitan *plats du jour* which compete for the favor of the British reader with the ordinary dishes of quiet domestic fiction. The atmosphere of Mount Carmel, and of the semi-Europeanised Syrian and Turkish households, supplies the Eastern coloring for the romantic love affair between the heroine, Mrs. Greville, the emancipated Englishwoman, and Schmidt Pasha, the half-bred Oriental who fascinates her. The author, who we believe must be a woman, has been compared to Mr. Hichens, but the advantage seems to us to lie on her side. There is less of artificiality and theatrical scene-painting in "The Mountain of God" than in "The Desert," and the delineation of the heroine's blend of curiosity and pique in the presence of her Turkish lover seems to us more subtle than are the rapturous erotics of Mr. Hichens's passionate pair. The analysis of Sabra Greville's relations with Schmidt Pasha's girl wife, Niguar, affords us an interesting peep into the home life of the educated Turkish upper-class, and the author has cleverly caught the fundamental differences of attitude between the women of the East and those of the West in their conception of marriage and of their feminine destiny. Again, the author appears to be fairly conversant with the social life and politics of educated Syria, and the spiritual interest of her book turns on the introduction of the figure of the Persian reformer, Abdul Baha, the head of the sect of the Bahais, whose doctrines, we are told, are a wedding of "the most humanitarian and practical ideas of the West and a devotional mysticism of a very high order." The various European characters who figure in the story, such as Underwood, the invalid Englishman, helplessly crippled by spinal disease, are brought in to play the part of protesting choruses to Mrs. Greville and her infatuation for "a beastly Turk." There will seem, to many people's taste, an undue amount of seasoning in this analysis of a feminine passion, but the author has considerable psychological insight.

In "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," Mr. Hugh Walpole supplies a depressing picture of English public-school life, one that will astonish and wound a good many worshippers at that educational shrine. True, "Moffatt's," which the author locates in Cornwall, cannot be meant for a portrait of any of our famous schools, either of the first or second rank, but it is indubitably one of those numerous establishments which flourish parasitically on the reputation of the whole class. The worries, meannesses, petty jealousies, and spiritual deterioration of the staff of masters at "Moffatt's" is the subject of the story, and while many will vote that the tones of black and grey are accentuated disproportionately, it would not be difficult to match Messrs. Birkland's, Dormer's, West's, and White's dulled and hopeless outlook from one's experience of the schoolmasters of one's youth. What is exceptional in the picture is the tragedy of Mr. Perrin, an ineffectual, embittered man, whose private feud with the brilliant young master, Mr. Traill, obsesses him to the point of murderous hatred. While the psychological analysis of the unfortunate Mr. Perrin's gathering mania is cleverly done, it is out of tone with the monotonous, dreary round of the staff's daily tasks; and Mr. Walpole, in order to intensify the gloom of his picture, does not scruple to introduce the tragic note in the relations of the masters and their wives. The whole picture is, however, strong and cleverly drawn, and the details are handled convincingly.

Whatever reception "Dr. Grey" may meet with at the hands of that gregarious body, the reading public, the author should be proud of his achievement. "Dr. Grey," indeed, is not a novel of much original quality or artistic subtlety, but it is a book so honest and illuminating in its modest fashion that we hope the intelligent reader will make a point of seeing it. "Dr. Grey" contains the experiences of a young medical man in the poor quarters of

a prosperous London suburb, and in a large manufacturing town in the Black Country. As the story advances the reader plunges into the nether world of the Bottom Dogs, of "the twelve million people who are on speaking terms with starvation, who are horribly housed, poorly fed, haunted day and night by anxiety." There is no bias and no exaggeration in the book, which, we repeat, is bracing in tone and quite broad-minded in outlook. Mr. Andrew has, perhaps without realising it, let the light into a vast social field, which his professional brethren politely banish from general conversation.

In "Defender of the Faith," Miss Marjorie Bowen shows a great advance upon her melodramatic success "The Viper of Milan." The novel is a close and conscientious study of the life and times of William the Third, and many of its spirited scenes suggest clever modern readings from records of the period. The period of William's early life is a picturesque one in European history, and Miss Bowen has managed to catch, with considerable skill, the brilliant manners of the courtiers, French and English, who moved on the chess-board of Holland's policy. William's character is ably indicated: his grave tenacity, his penetration, his military daring. Perhaps the theme of the under-plot—a conspiracy of Cornelius de Witt to assassinate the Stadtholder—is conceived too much in the line of the common romantic novel to add to the historical illusion of the general picture; but no little dramatic ability is shown in these scenes, which culminate with a clever interview between William and his enemy. The book, in short, is eminently readable, and we should like to see another study from the same hand, dealing with the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In "Twenty Years at Hull House" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net) Miss Jane Addams tells the story of the famous Chicago settlement to which she has devoted her life. In her early years Miss Addams was impressed by the social conditions which most men and women of her class regard lightly enough, and later she reached the conviction that "the contemporary education of young women had developed too exclusively the power of acquiring knowledge and of merely receiving impressions; that somewhere in the process of 'being educated' they had lost that simple and almost automatic response to the human appeal, that old healthful reaction resulting in activity from the mere pressure of suffering or of helplessness." This conviction stirred her to active effort, and after a visit to Toynbee Hall, she opened Hull House in 1889. At first the work was carried on in a couple of rooms, and innumerable difficulties and obstacles had to be faced and surmounted. But success came at last, and Hull House with its fifteen clubs, its social, educational, and other activities has profoundly influenced the settlement movement in America, as well as furnished encouragement to other philanthropic institutions. The remarkable woman to whom all this is due sets forth her experiences in a quiet and engaging style. The reader feels that he has to do with a mind of unusual strength and simplicity, whose sense of "universal fellowship" and "passionate devotion to the ideals of democracy" have left a deep mark on American thought in relation to social problems.

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Grey's speech has diffused a sort of peaceful fervor through the international atmosphere, and even the Bagdad Railway dispute seems likely to be settled. Consols are rising under the influence of cheap money and Sinking Fund purchases. Home Rails and some other home securities are also buoyant.

THE RUBBER OUTLOOK.

So much speculative interest is now associated with rubber and rubber shares that, in the absence of other absorbing topics, I propose to write this week upon certain aspects of rubber problems which have come up in the course of an interesting controversy between Bulls and Bears in the New York "Journal of Commerce." American manufacturers now take somewhere near half the world's supplies of rubber, and Brazil is still the chief source of supply, though its proportion diminishes as the supplies of plantation rubber from the Malay States, Ceylon, &c., increase. The total world's production in 1910 amounted to about 72,000 tons, of which Brazil furnished some 40,000 tons.

THE SUPPLY OF RUBBER.

First of all, let us note that the production of plantation rubber in the Far East has increased wonderfully during the last ten years. But the real increase began only in 1909, just when the price of Brazilian rubber began to increase. The following figures come from the annual review of a prominent rubber broker in London. The total of plantation rubber exported from the Far East was:—

In	Tons.
1906	510
1907	1,010
1908	1,008
1909	3,850
1910	8,230

There is now an enormous acreage under rubber cultivation in the East, and the future production of these plantations may prove prodigious and eventually result in an excessive output of rubber. The Bears of rubber say that this "tame" rubber can be produced at a shilling a pound; but the Bulls declare that the production of plantation rubber is a great deal more expensive than the gathering of "wild" rubber in Brazil, and that plantation rubber can only prosper if the high prices for Brazilian rubber are maintained. "The moment that plantation rubber cannot be sold at the high figures prevailing now there will be no plantation rubber on the market." But this statement is altogether exaggerated.

Last year Brazil showed an actual decrease of about 3,000 tons in its exports of "wild" rubber; not, of course, that there is any failure of rubber in Brazil—indeed, there are millions of acres untouched—but it is due to the element of labor, which simply cannot be obtained. This difficulty is rather extraordinary, considering the very much increased value Brazilian merchants have been getting for hard Para.

THE POSITION IN BRAZIL.

The fine up-river Para grades are gathered in the upper Amazon Valley and all its tributary rivers. Owing to local conditions, the rubber so gathered does not come to Para, the port of shipment, at all times during the year, but only during about three or four months of the year—that is to say, from the beginning of the year to about the end of April, which are the months of largest arrivals from the interior to the distributive points of Para and Manaus. Rubber speculators have been in the habit of selling rubber "short" for delivery during those four months, in the expectation that, with the influx of the Brazilian crops in large quantities, they would be in a position to cover these short contracts at a lower figure than that at which they sold this rubber for future delivery to the consumer, just as American speculators in wheat were accustomed to sell "short" wheat for delivery in months when the American farmer brings his winter or spring wheat to the market. The Brazilian rubber merchant, not having either capital or credit, has hitherto been obliged to realise on the rubber, as and when he received it, and the "short" sellers have so

been able to reap the benefit they expected from their short sales. However, in Brazil, just as in the United States, the situation has entirely changed; the producer is more prosperous, understands better the value of co-operation, and through the assistance of bankers can now obtain advances on his produce without being in the necessity of selling it at any price which the "short" interests might wish to offer him. "The strength of this position manifested itself last year to an extent which was very alarming to those who had ventured to sell the crop short before its delivery at Para." And so the Brazilian producers and merchants, instead of selling their rubber, are now taking advances at their bankers as well in Brazil as in England, where the rubber was consigned. It is supposed that at this moment three or four thousand tons are being held back in Brazil—stored at considerable cost on borrowed money, in the hope that prices will rise and enable the speculators to extract heavy profits from consumers of rubber.

RUBBER CONSUMPTION.

I may conclude with a few statistics of the increased consumption of rubber—mainly, of course, for tyres for motor-cars. In the United States and Canada in 1889 there was a total consumption of indiarubber of 13,689 tons; in 1900 the amount increased to 19,532 tons, and in 1910 increased to 32,835 tons. The total imports of rubber into Great Britain in 1909 were about 35,000 tons as against half that amount in 1895. But London is the world's great rubber warehouse and mart. The Mincing Lane sales control and decide the price of rubber in all countries. Hence one finds that about 20,000 out of the 35,000 tons were re-exported, so that our consumption is less than half that of the United States. Probably the increase in consumption in other countries has been on much the same scale. Hence, if in the next ten years the ratio of increase in consumption is maintained, the increase in production in the Far East may not be too much to meet the additional demand for the commodity.

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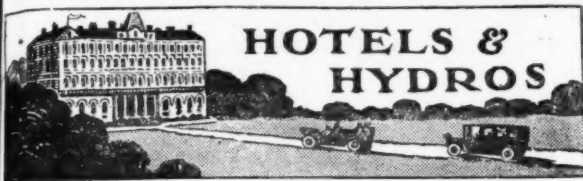
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